

MOTHER GOOSE

and Nursery Rhyme Comics

10¢

FOUR COLOR COMIC

No. 59

A DELL BOOK •
DELL •
A DELL BOOK •





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Old Mother Goose



Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Merry King Cole laughed,
"I don't understand her.
I never would ride
On any old gander!"



"Quite true," said the fowl,
"And don't think it slander.
You're a big enough boy
To *carry* this gander!"



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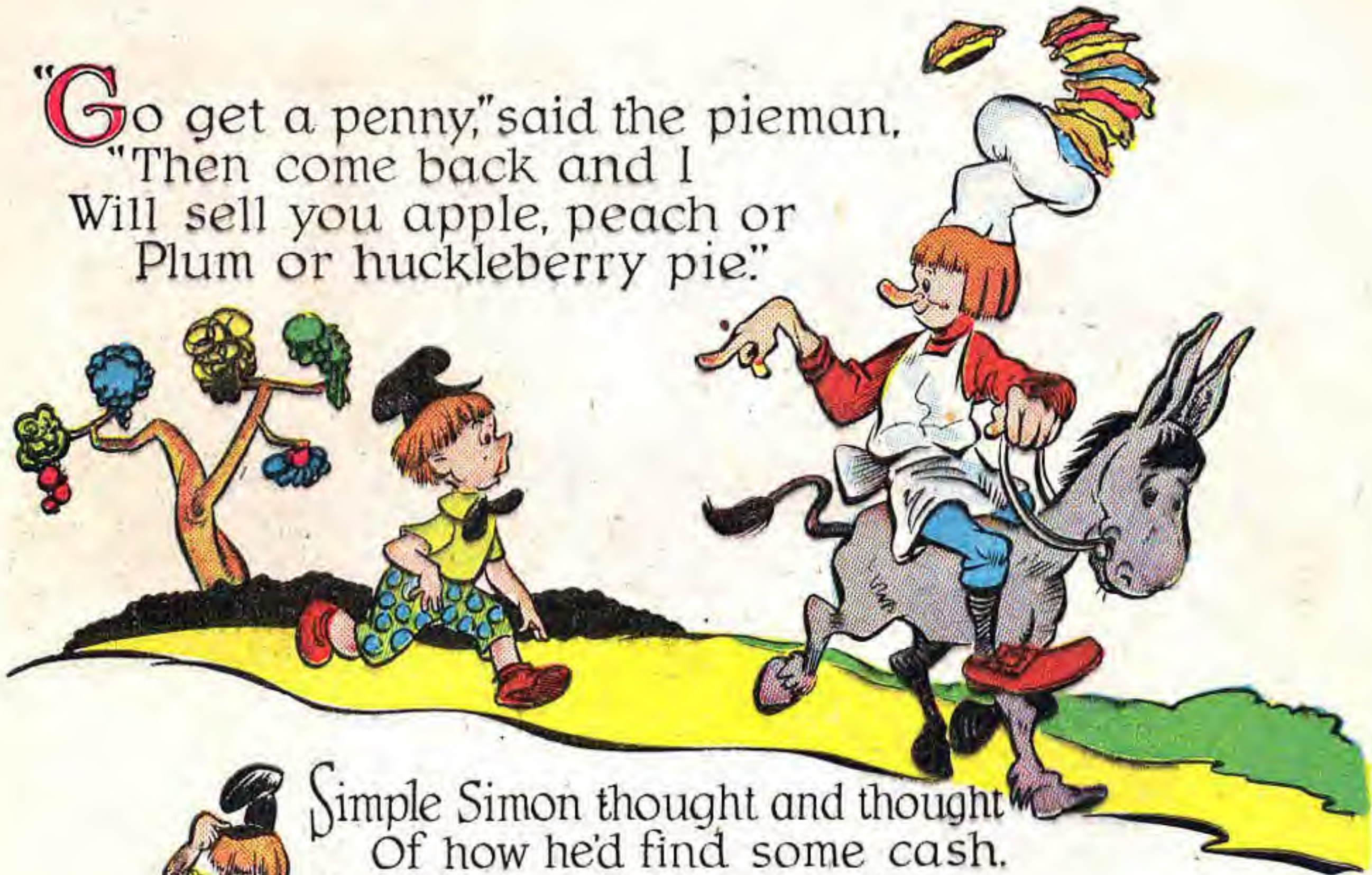
Simple Simon met a pieman
 Going to the Fair.
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Let me taste your ware."



Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
 "Show me first your penny."
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Indeed, I haven't any!"



"Go get a penny," said the pieman,
"Then come back and I
Will sell you apple, peach or
Plum or huckleberry pie."



Simple Simon thought and thought
Of how he'd find some cash.
At last he hit upon a scheme
And then he made a dash—

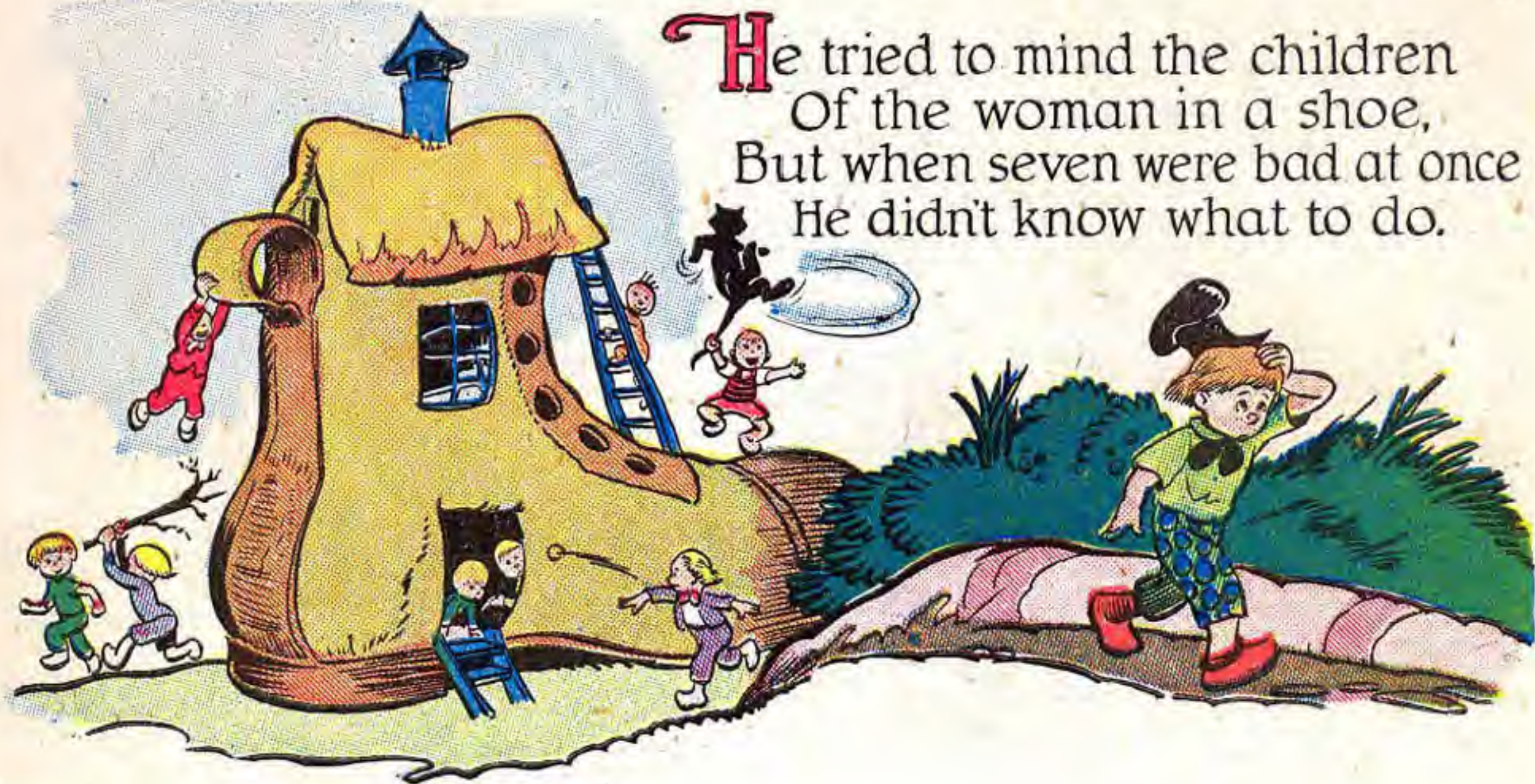


—To seek the tails Miss
Bo-Peep's lambs
Had somewhere left behind.
He searched and searched both
high and low,
But not one did he find.



He hired out as gardener
For Mary, quite contrary,
But not a thing he did
could suit
The difficult Miss Mary.





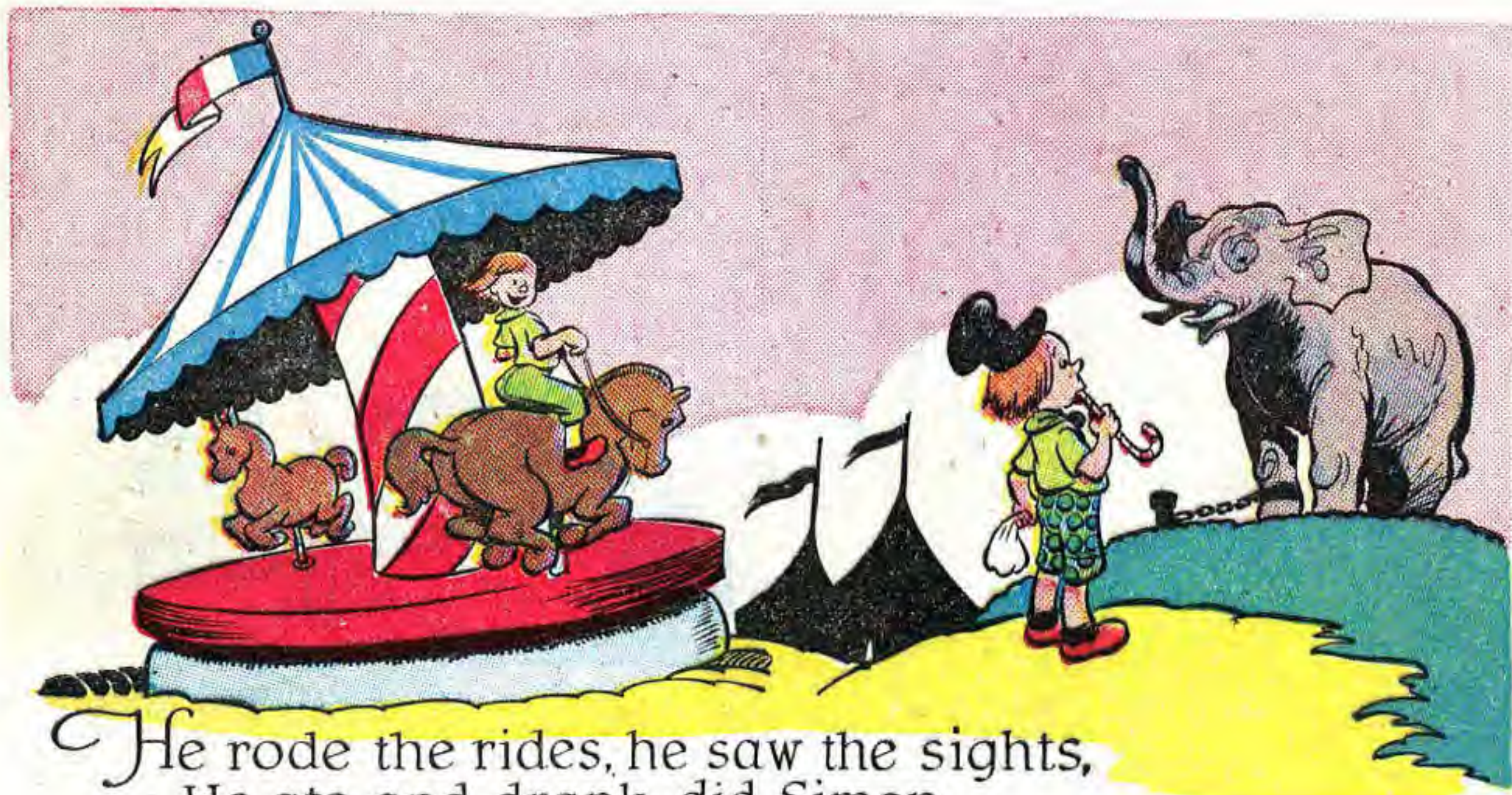
He tried to mind the children
Of the woman in a shoe,
But when seven were bad at once
He didn't know what to do.

He heard poor Mother Hubbard say
She had no food to eat,
And so he brought her peas and beans
And even a bit of meat.



She was so pleased, the good old soul,
She gave the boy a dime!
Then Simon ran off to the Fair
To have a gay old time.

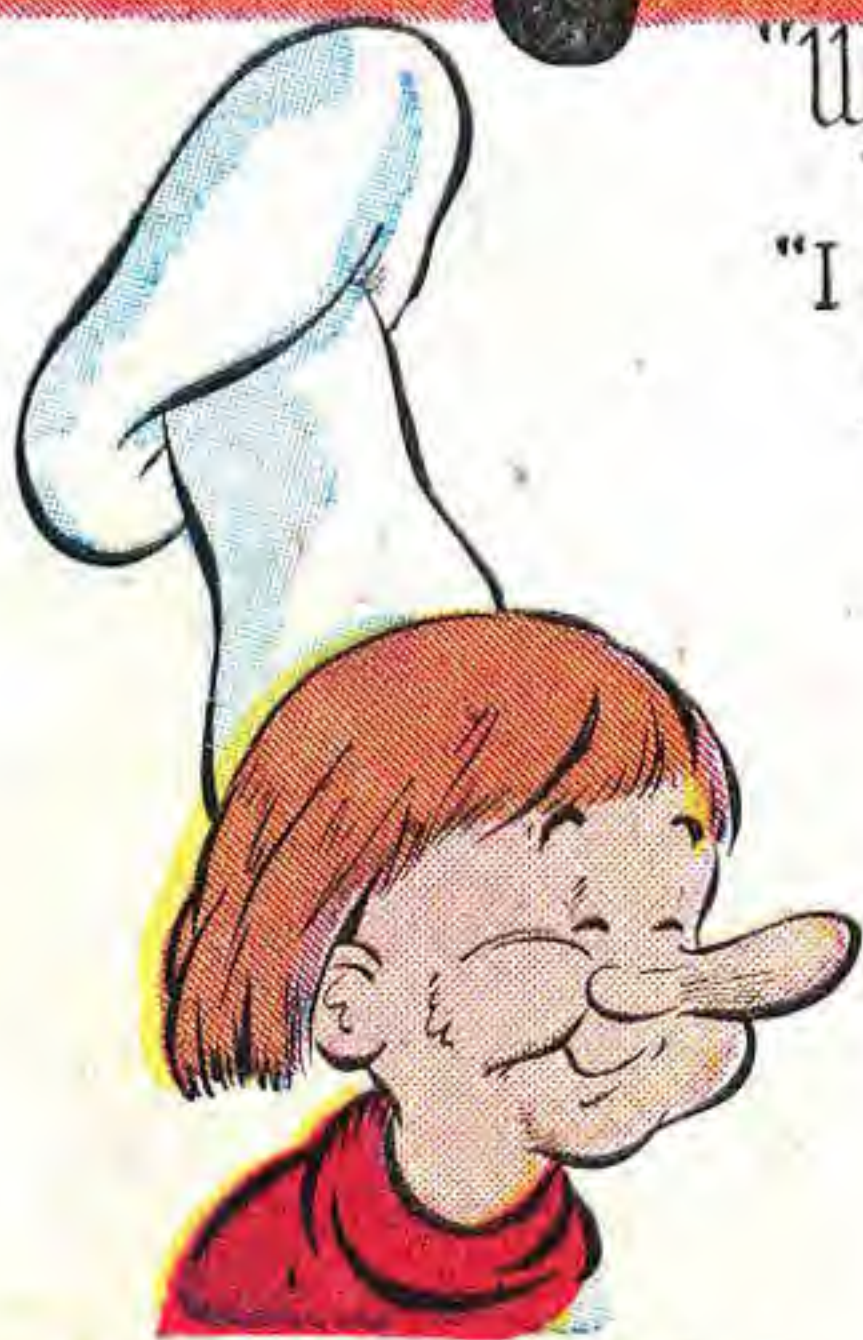





He rode the rides, he saw the sights,
He ate and drank, did Simon.
At last, as he was starting home,
Again he met the pieman.



"Well, boy," the pieman called to him,
"And did you find a penny?"
"I did," laughed Simon, "but it's gone.
Once more I haven't any!"

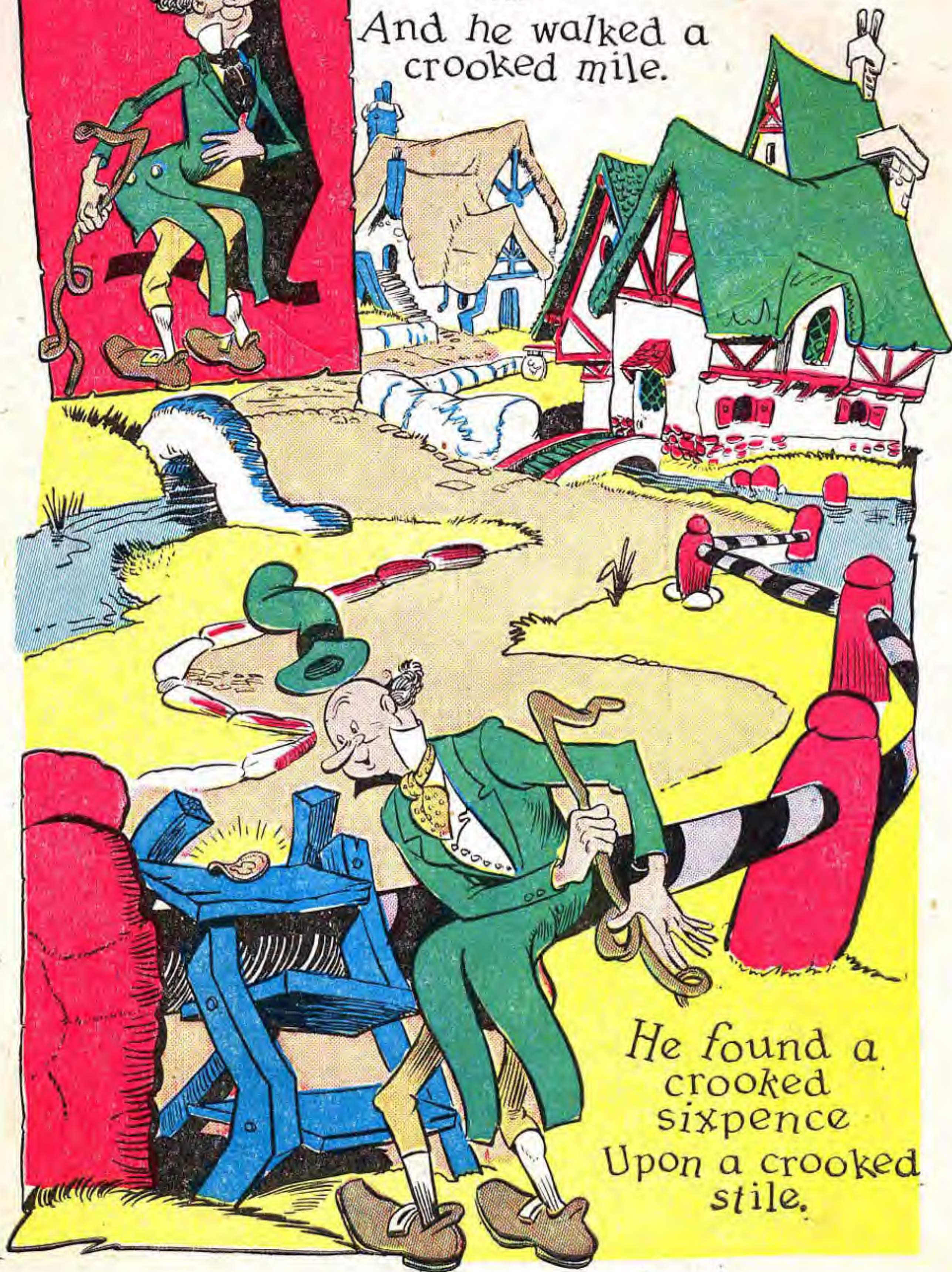


"Don't mind," the pieman
chuckled,
"That is just as well,
for I
Have had such luck
all day today
That I have no
more pie."

A cartoon illustration of a man with a long, curved nose, wearing a green suit, a green top hat, and yellow trousers. He is walking in a very crooked, unbalanced manner, leaning forward with one leg extended and the other bent. He is holding a long, thin, curved object, possibly a cane or a pipe, in his right hand. The background is a solid red color.

here was a crooked
man

And he walked a
crooked mile.



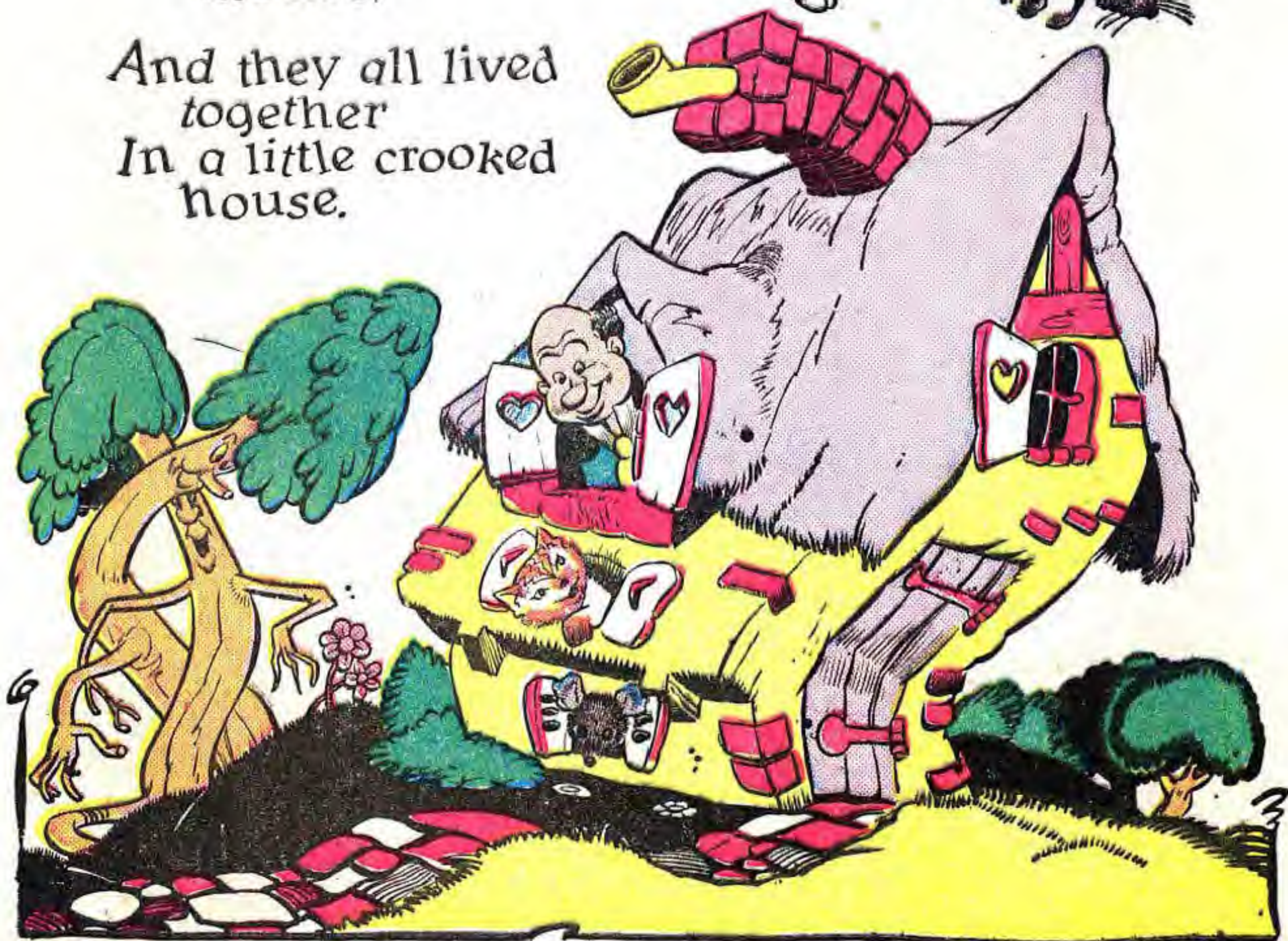
He found a
crooked
sixpence
Upon a crooked
stile.



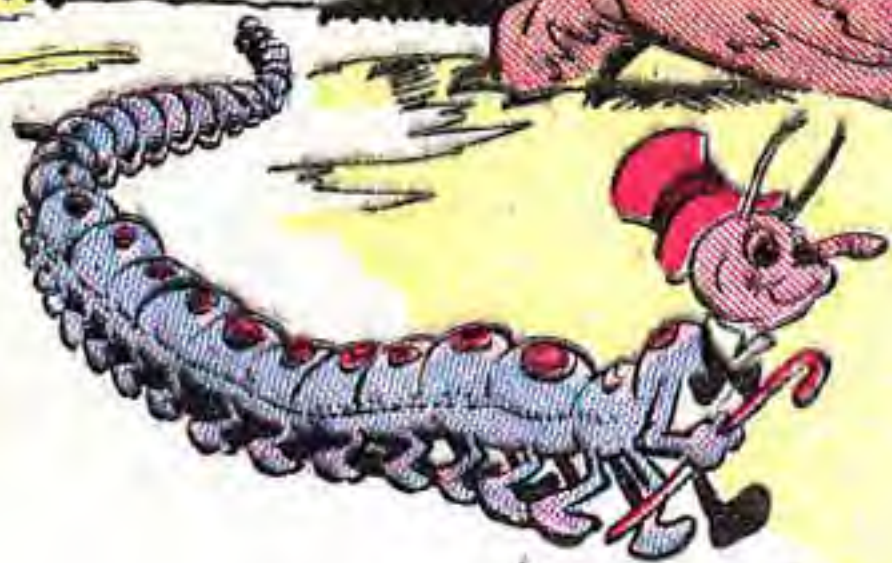
He bought a
crooked
cat

Which caught
a crooked
mouse,

And they all lived
together
In a little crooked
house.



The Puzzled Centipede

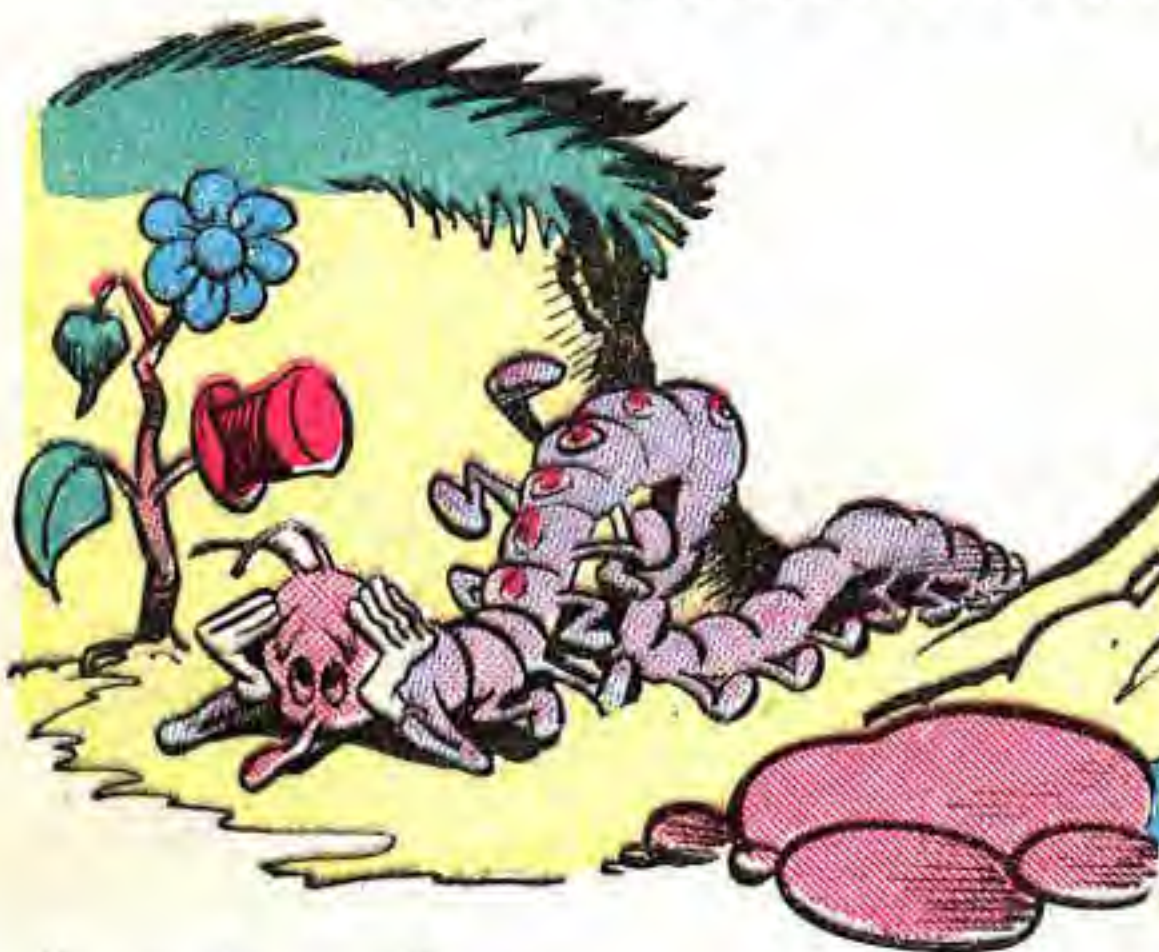


A centipede was happy quite

Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg
Comes after which?"



This raised his mind to such a pitch



He lay distracted
in the ditch,
Considering how to run.



TOM TWIST



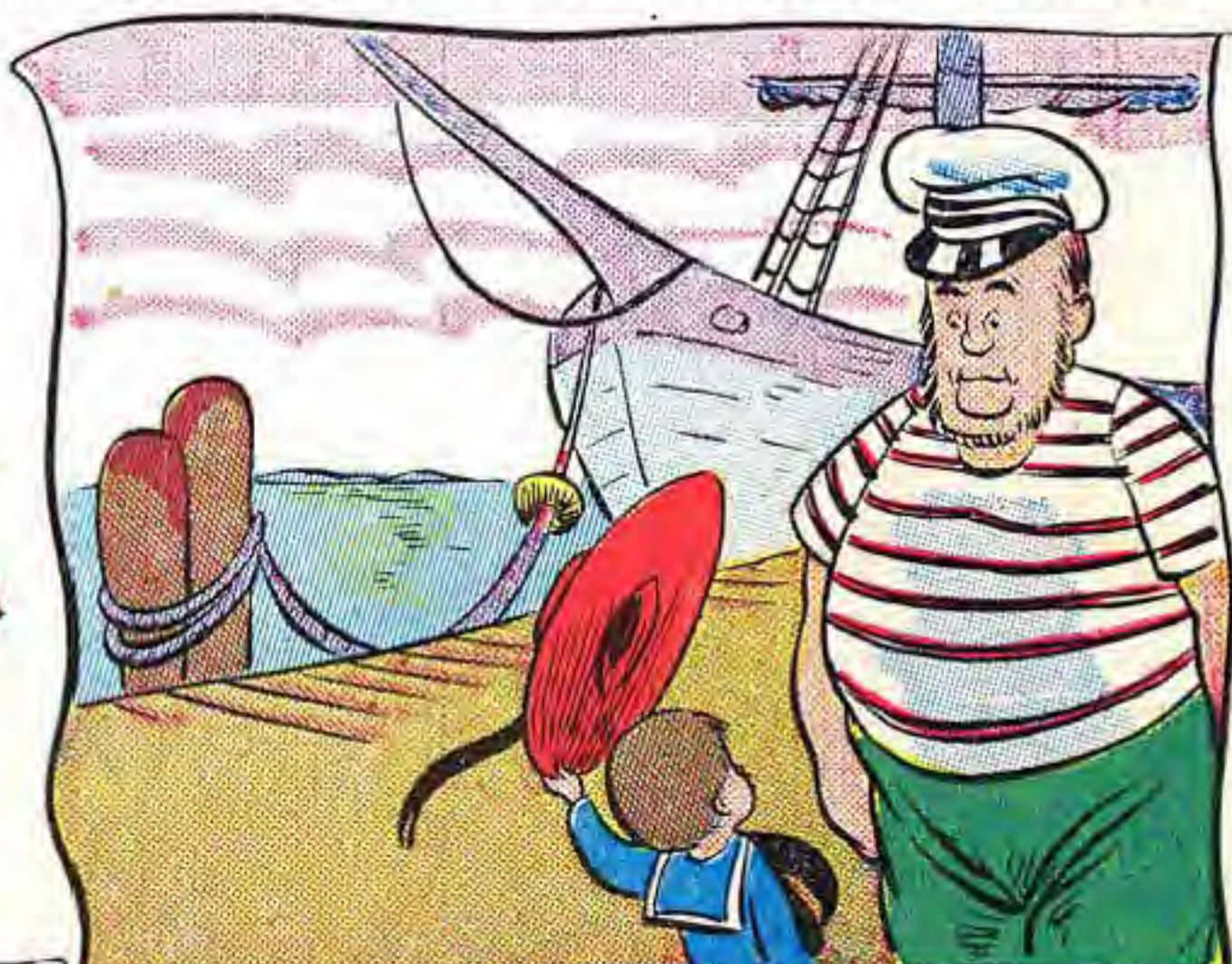
Tom Twist was a wonderful fellow; no boy was so nimble and strong.



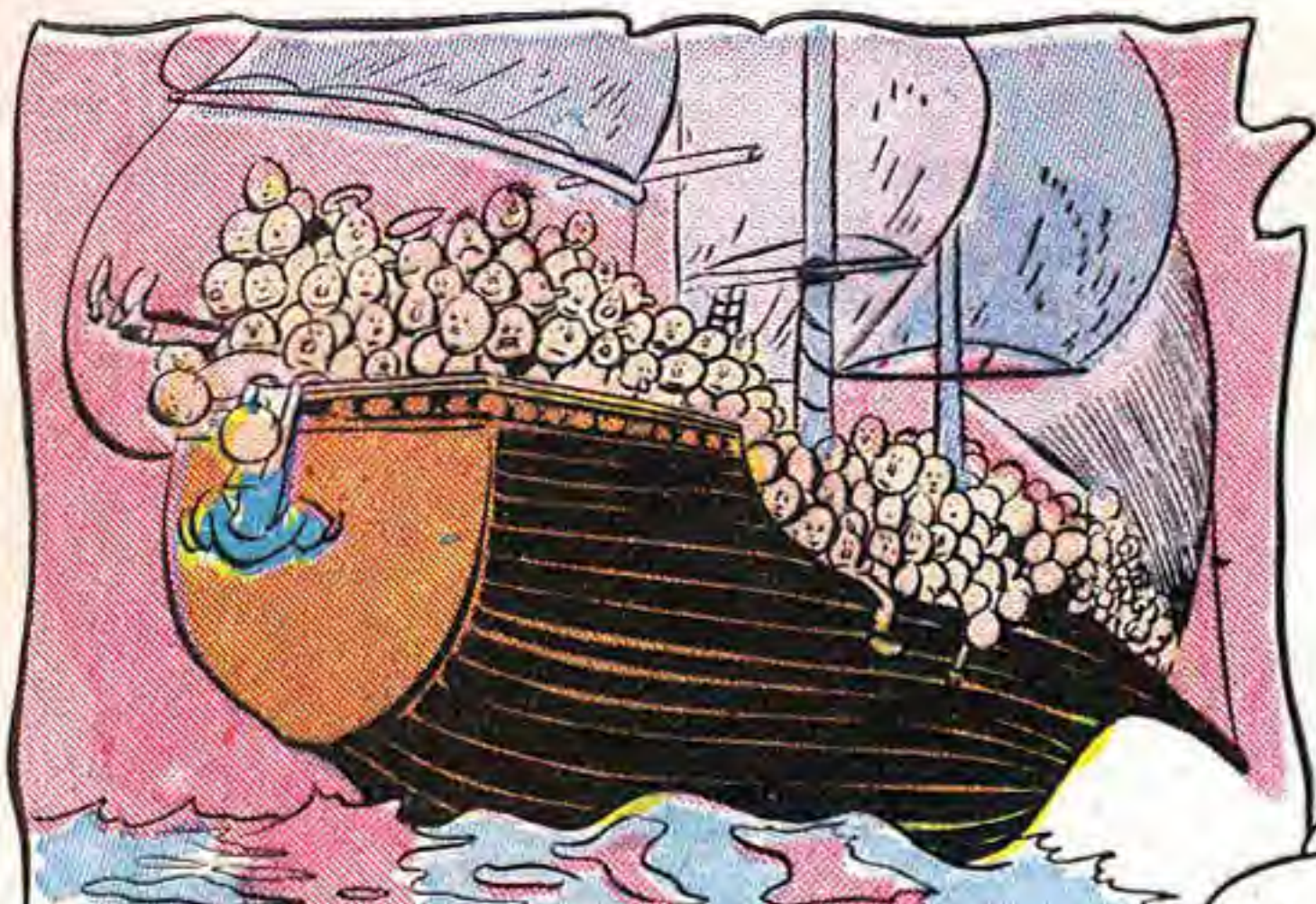
He could turn ten somersaults backward and stand on his head all day long.
No twisting nor turning nor jumping this tough little urchin could tire,
His muscles were all made of rubber, his sinews were bundles of wire.



Tom Twist liked the life of a sailor,
So, off with a hop and a skip



He went to a Nantucket captain
Who took him on board of his ship.



The ship was loaded with seamen,
Young, old, short, slim, stout and tall.



But by jumping and turning and
twisting
Tom Twist was ahead of them all.



He could stand by
the hour on the
yardarm,



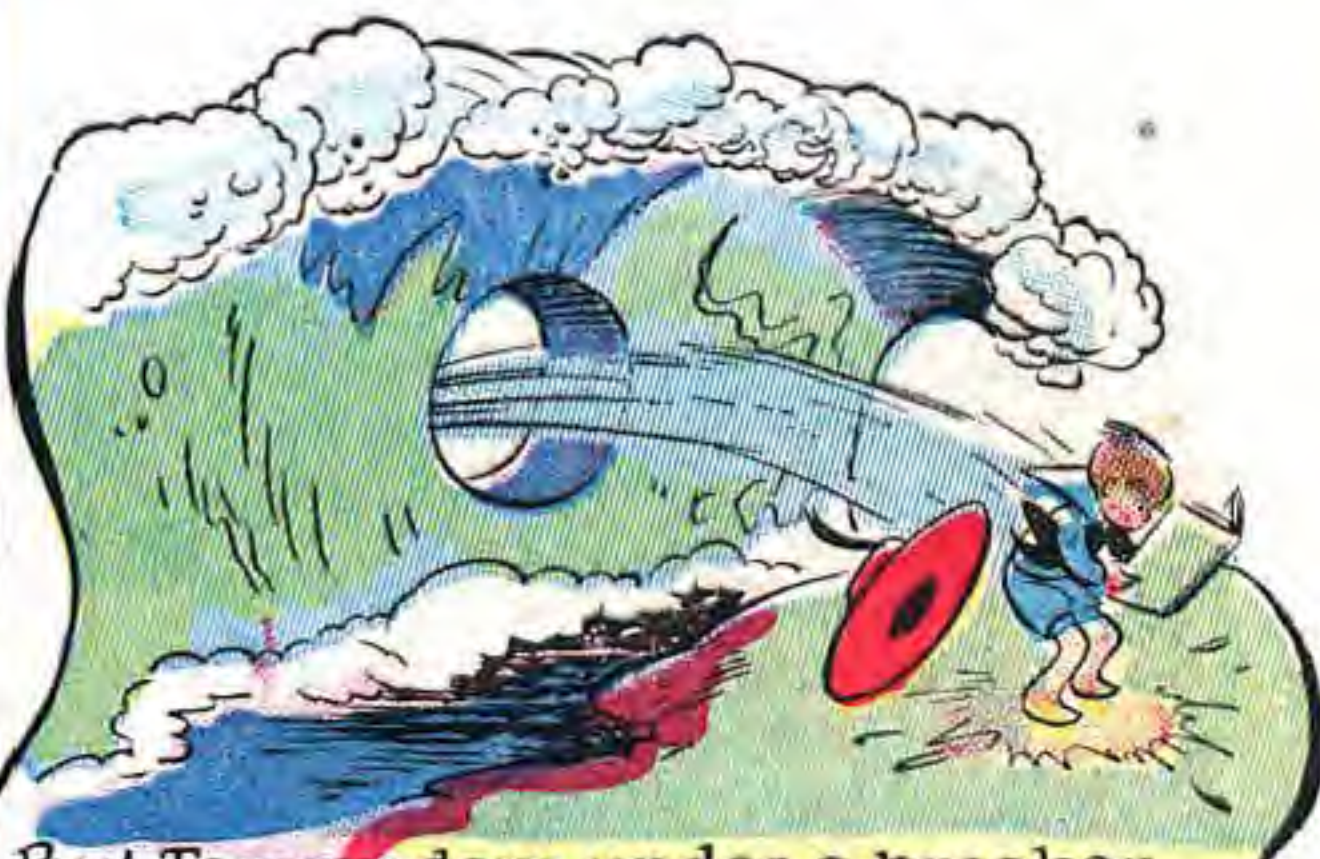
Sleep sound in the
bend of a sail



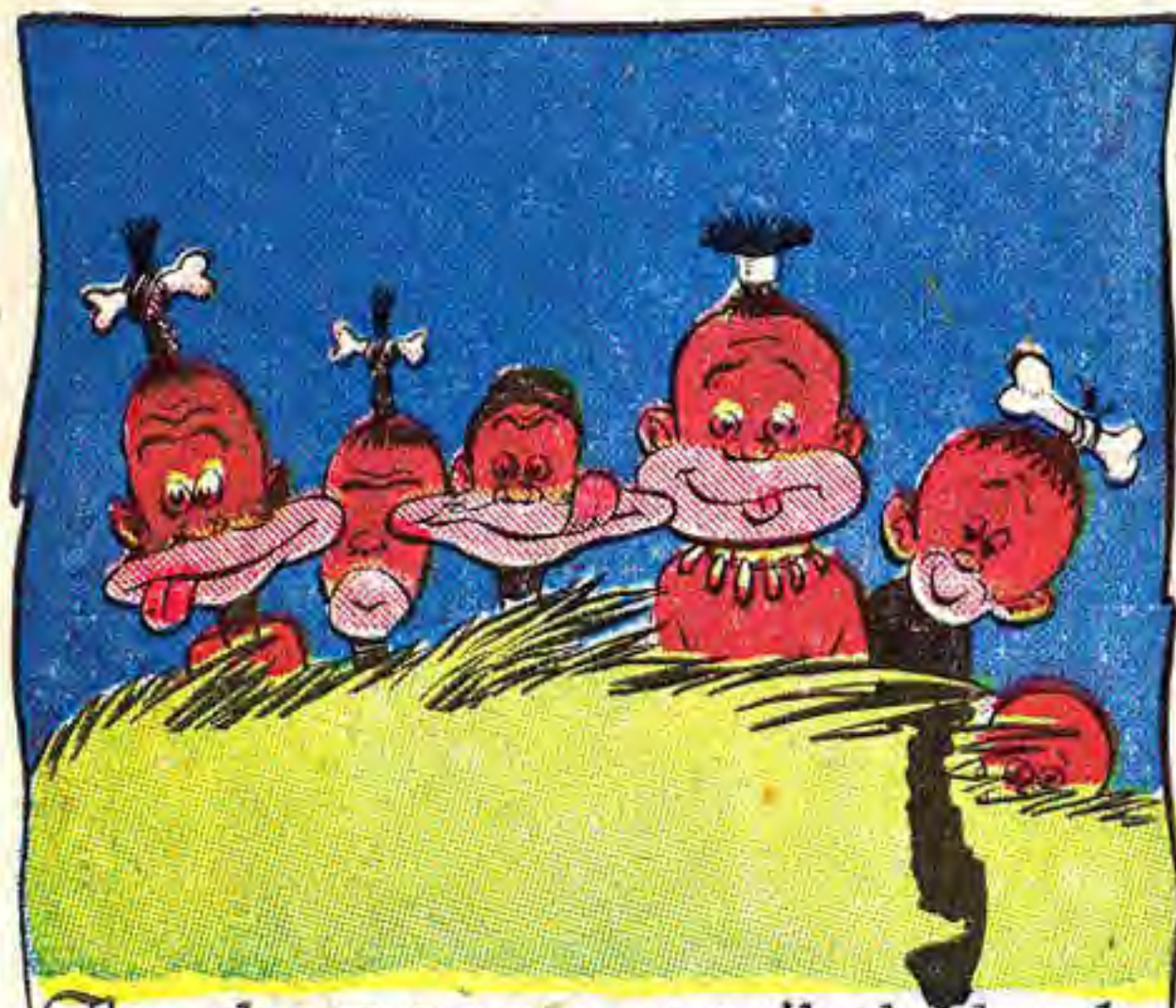
Or hang by his legs from
the bowsprit
When the wind was blowing
a gale.



The vessel went down in a tempest
A thousand fathoms or more,



But Tommy dove under a breaker
And, swimming ten miles, got ashore.



The shore was a cannibal island,
The natives were hungry enough;



They felt of Tommy all over
And found him exceedingly tough,



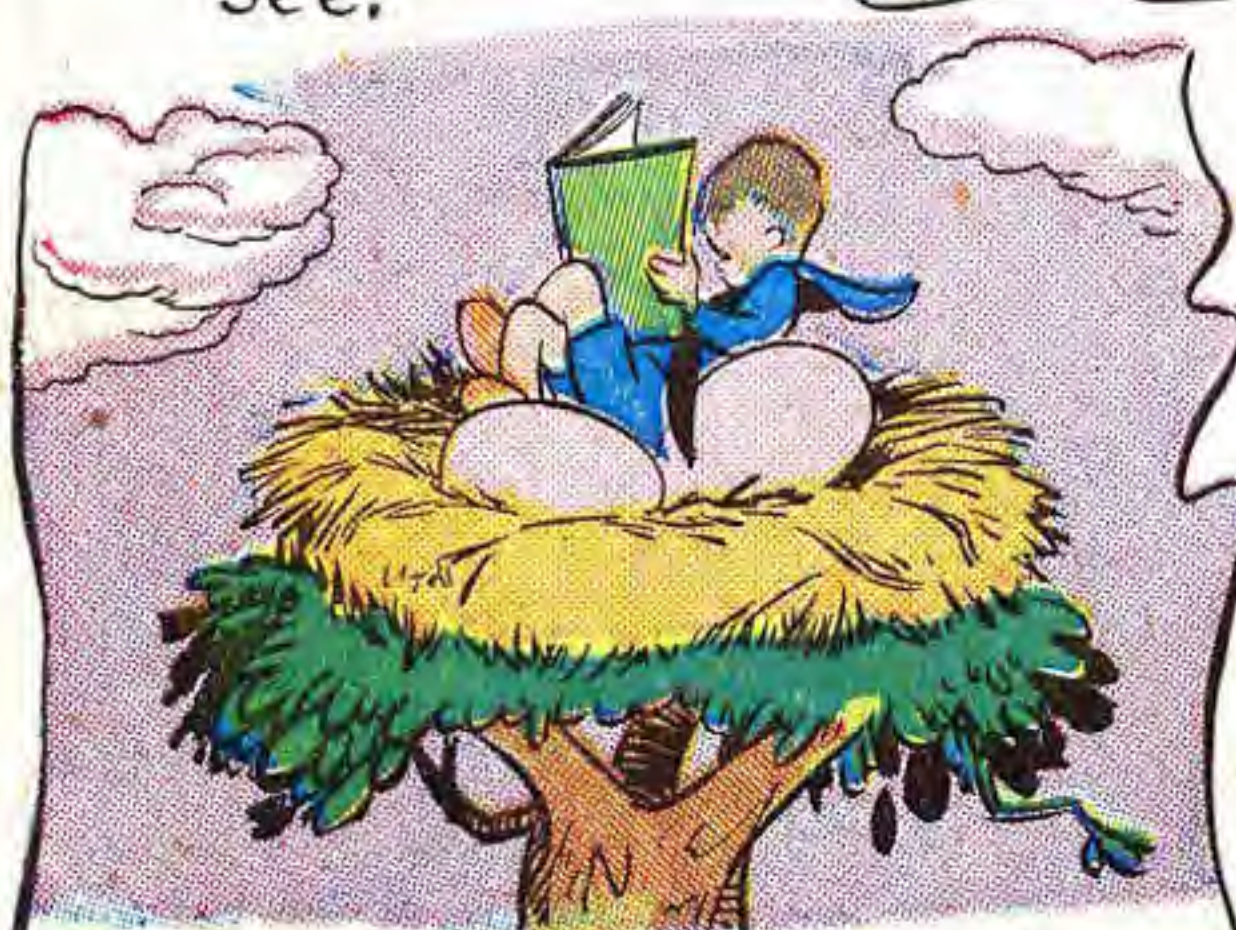
So they put him into
a boy coop
To fatten him up, you
see;



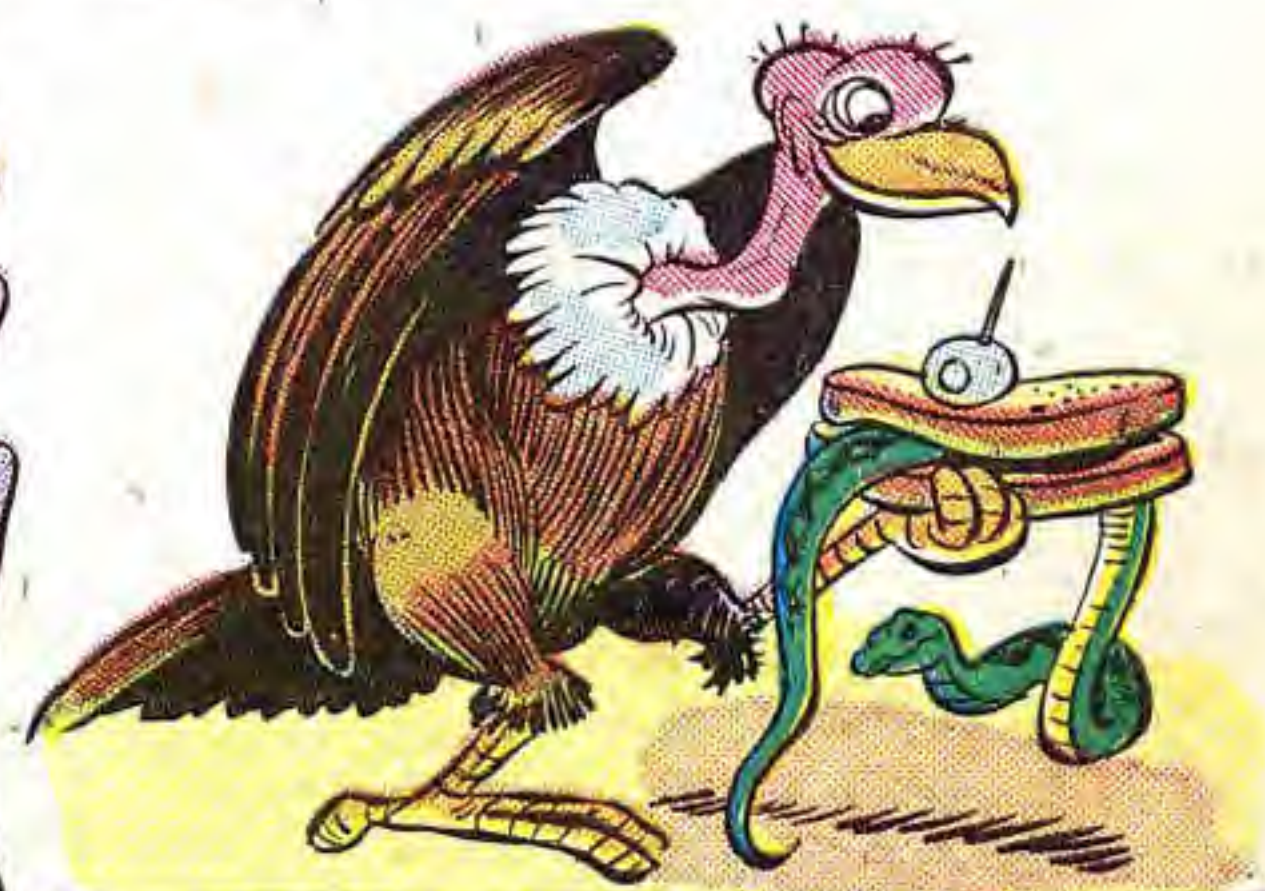
But Tommy crept
out very slyly



And climbed to the
top of a tree.



The tree was the nest of a
condor,
A bird with prodigious wings,

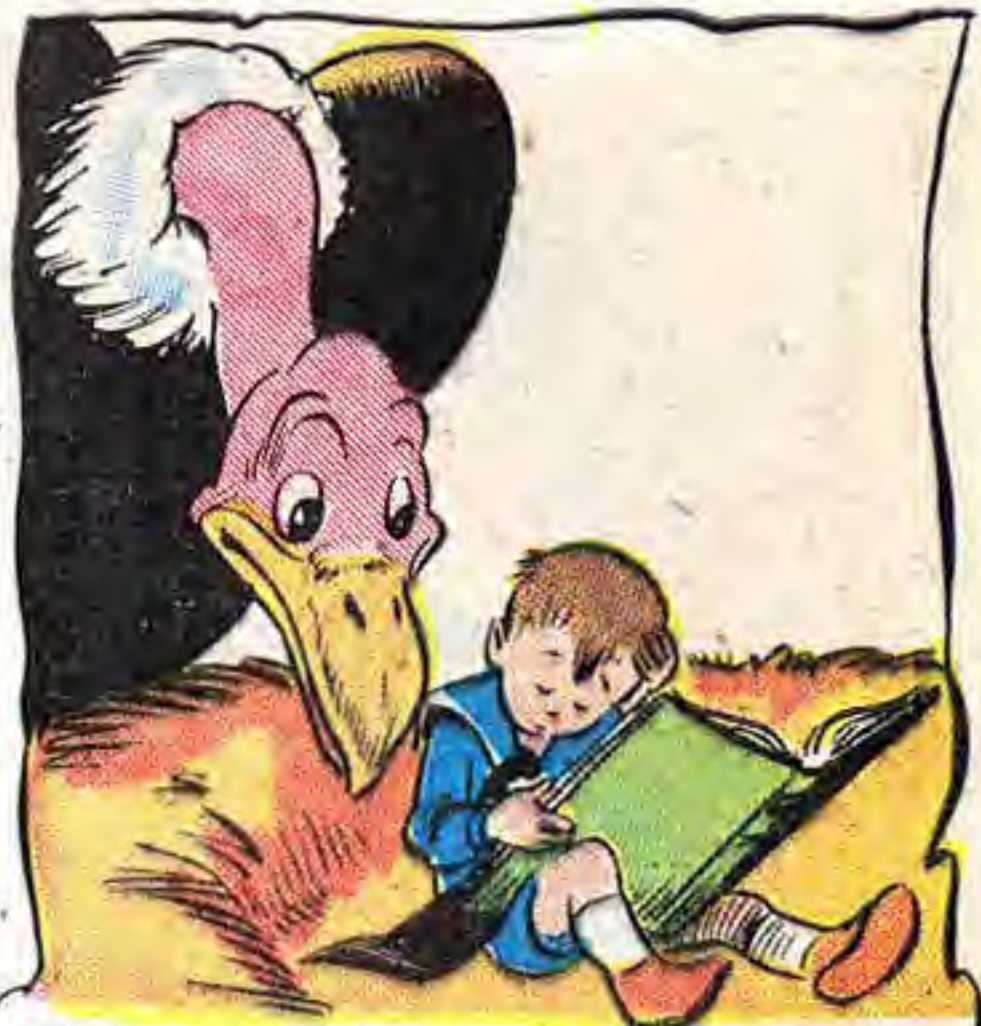


That lived on boa constrictors
And other digestible things.



The condor flew home in the evening.

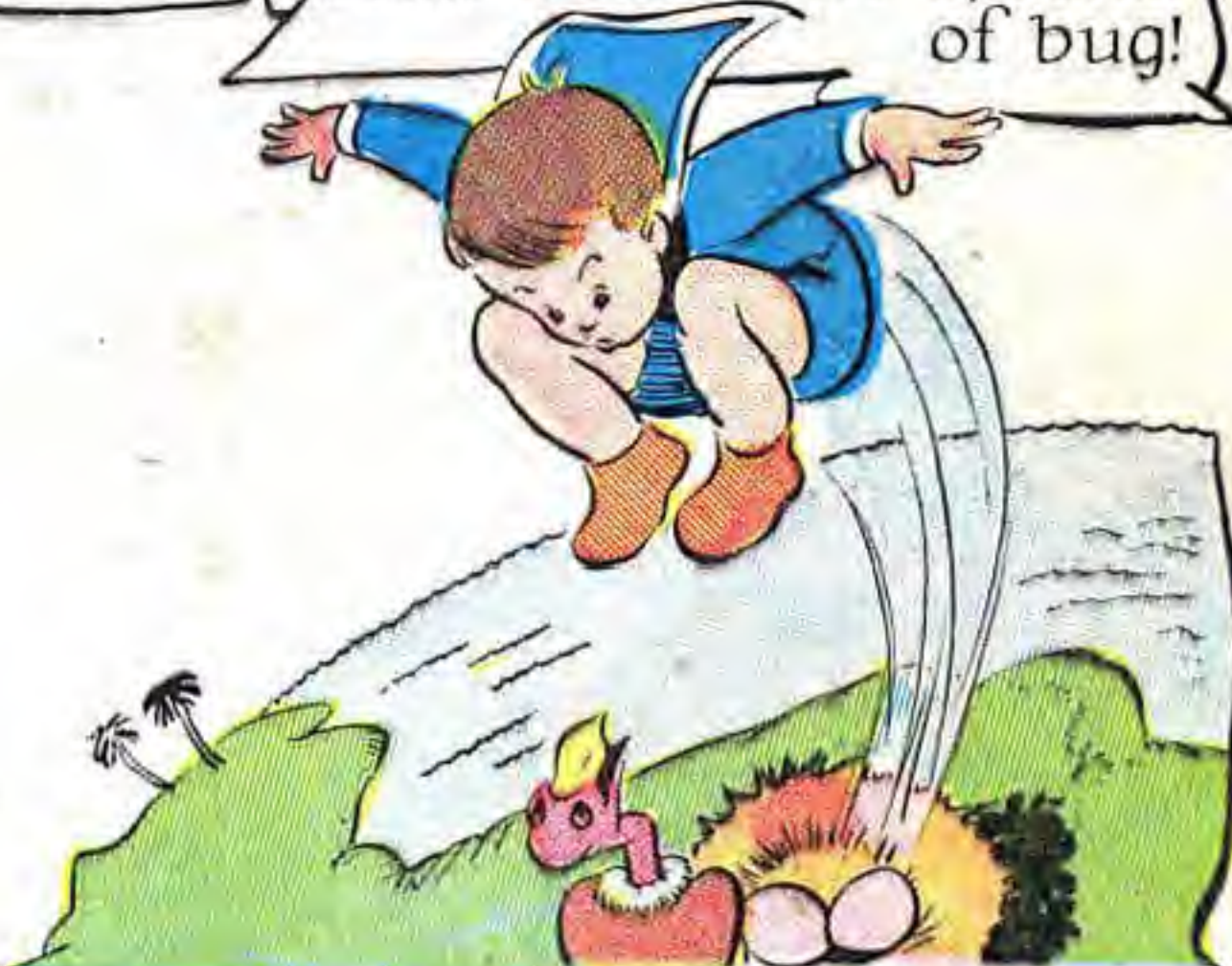
There lay friend Tommy so snug.



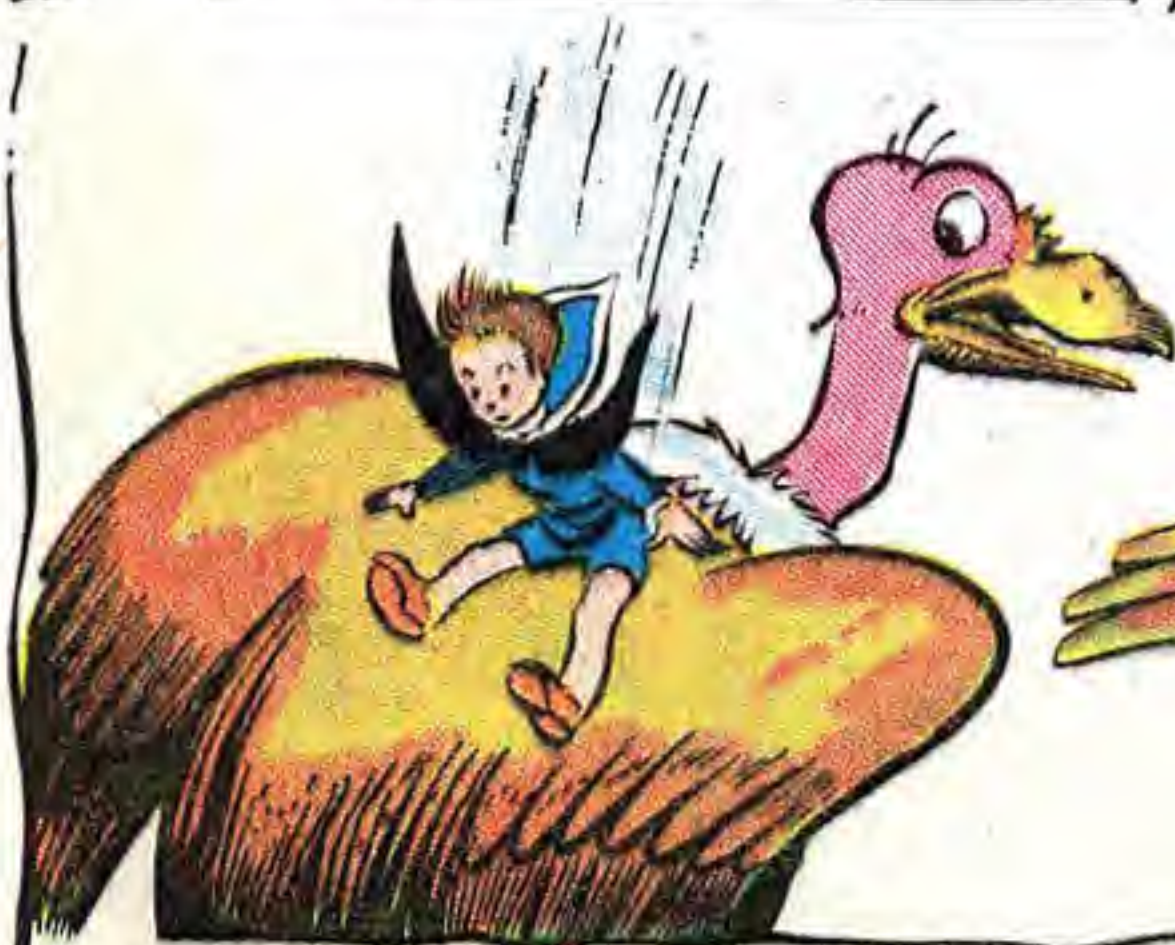
She stared for she thought she discovered some remarkable species of bug!



She woke him up with her screaming.



But Tommy gave one of his springs



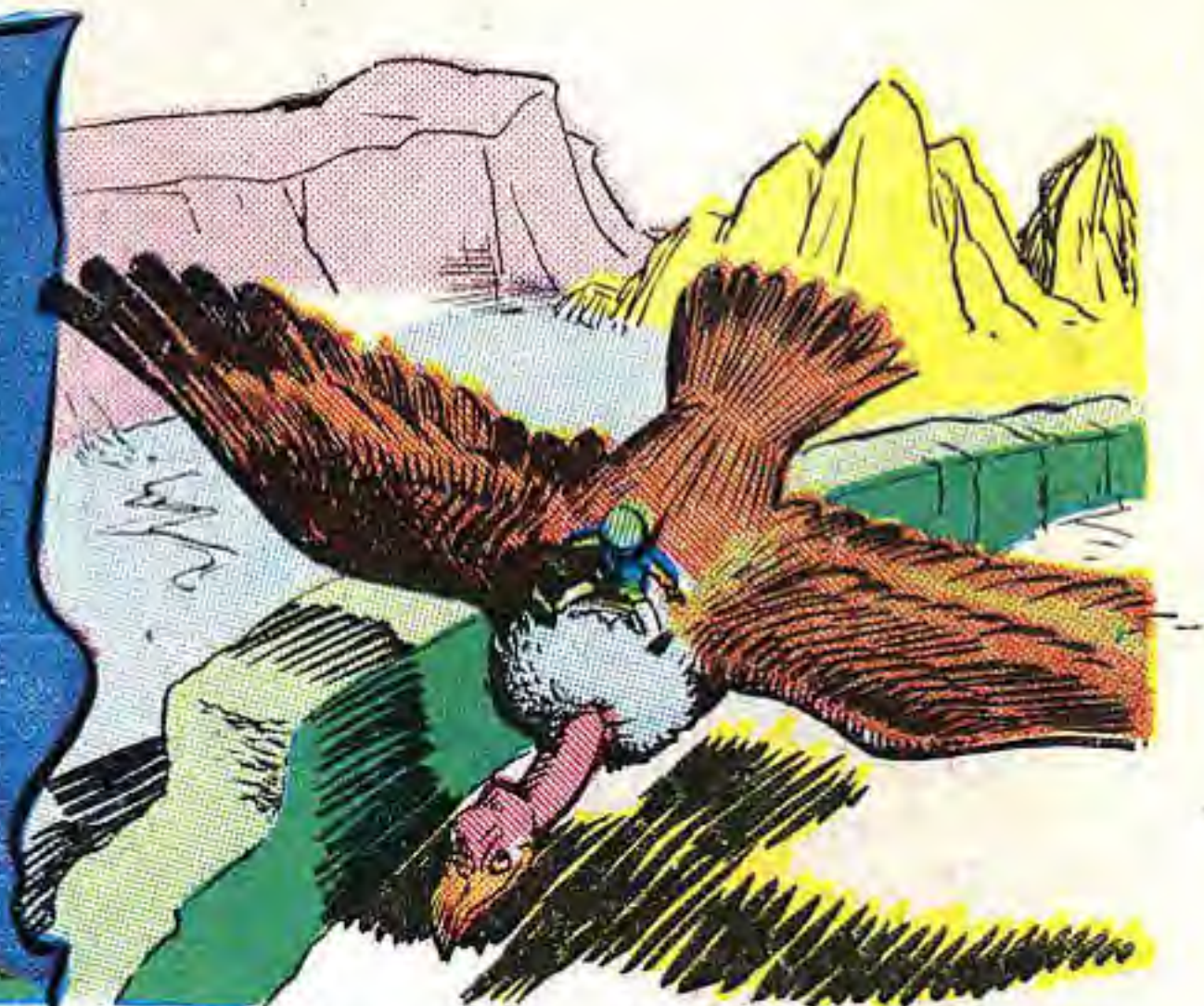
And lit on the back of the condor



Between her long neck and her wings.



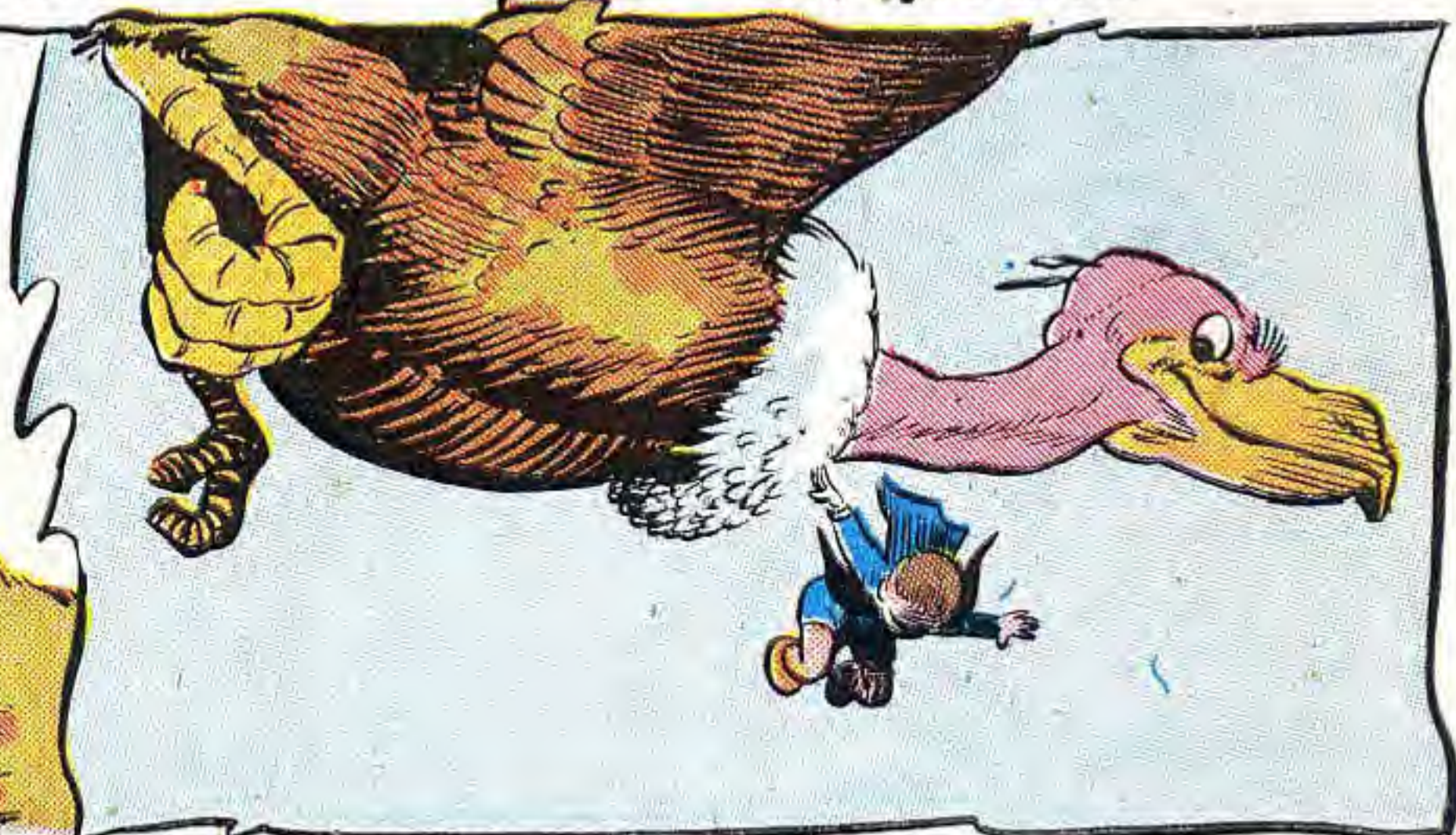
By and by she got tired
of the burden



And flew quite close to
the ground.



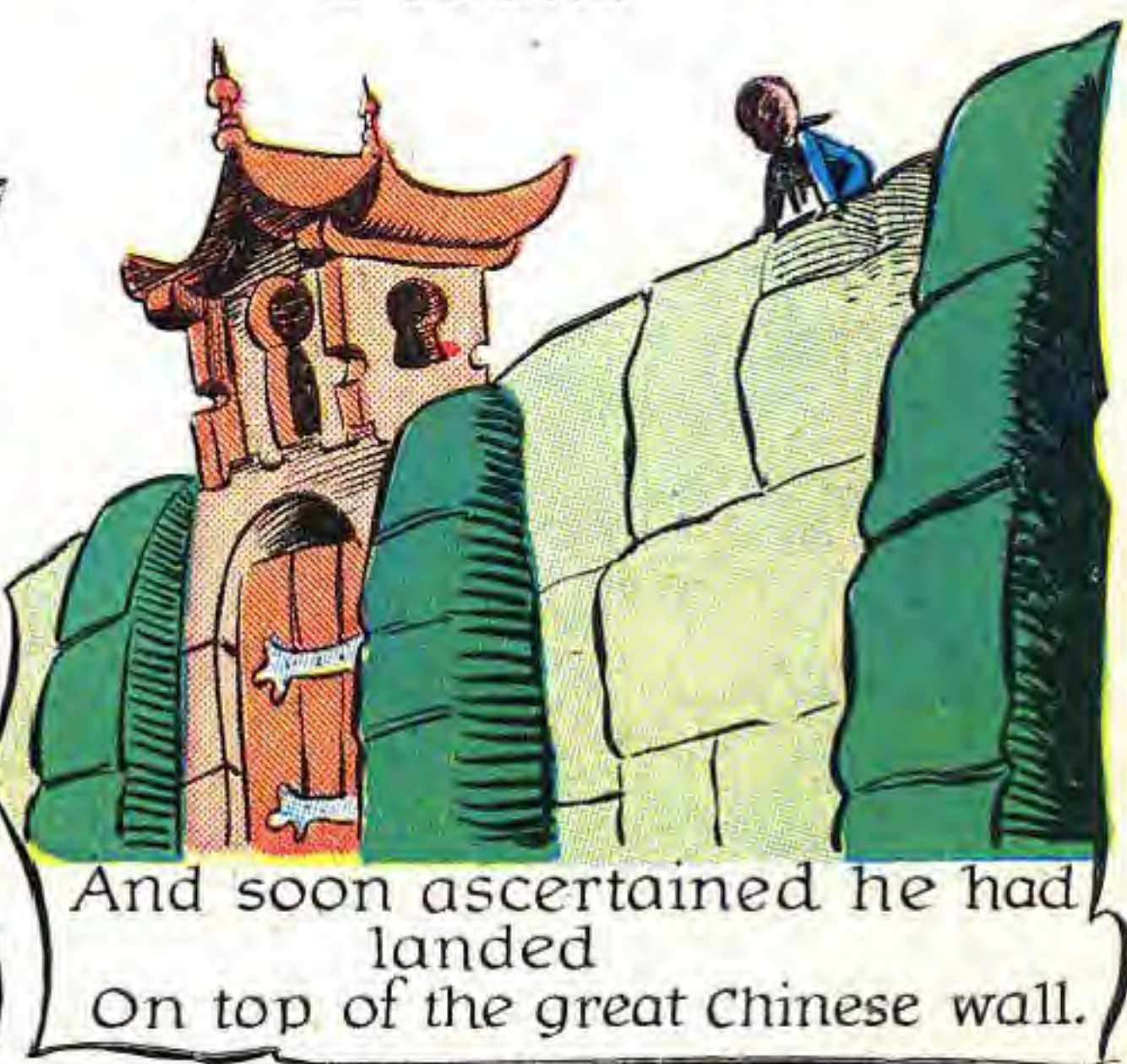
Tom untwisted his legs
from the creature



And quickly slipped off with
a bound.



He landed all right and feet
foremost,
A little confused by the fall,



And soon ascertained he had
landed
On top of the great Chinese wall.



He walked to the
city of Pekin



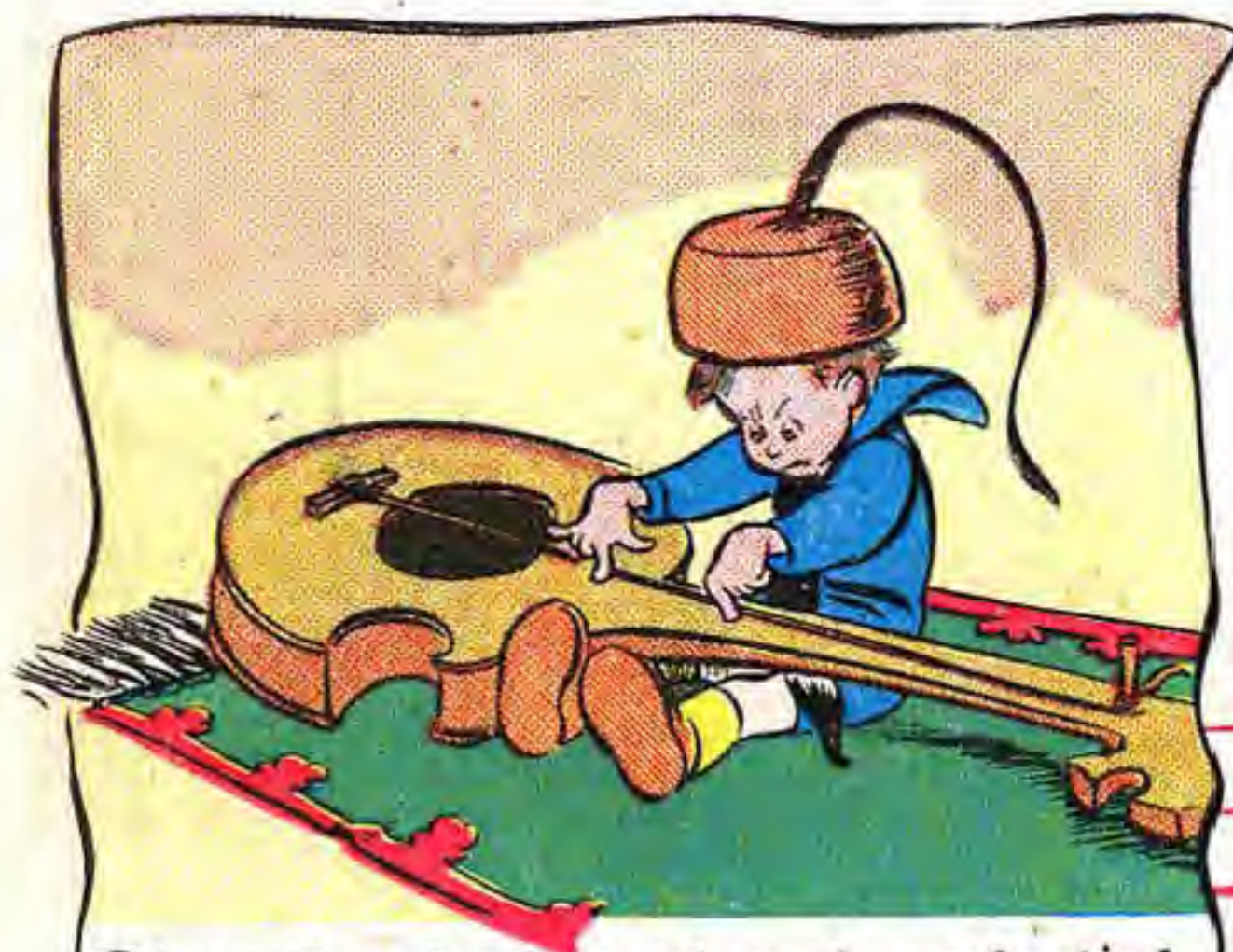
Where he made the
Chinamen grin.



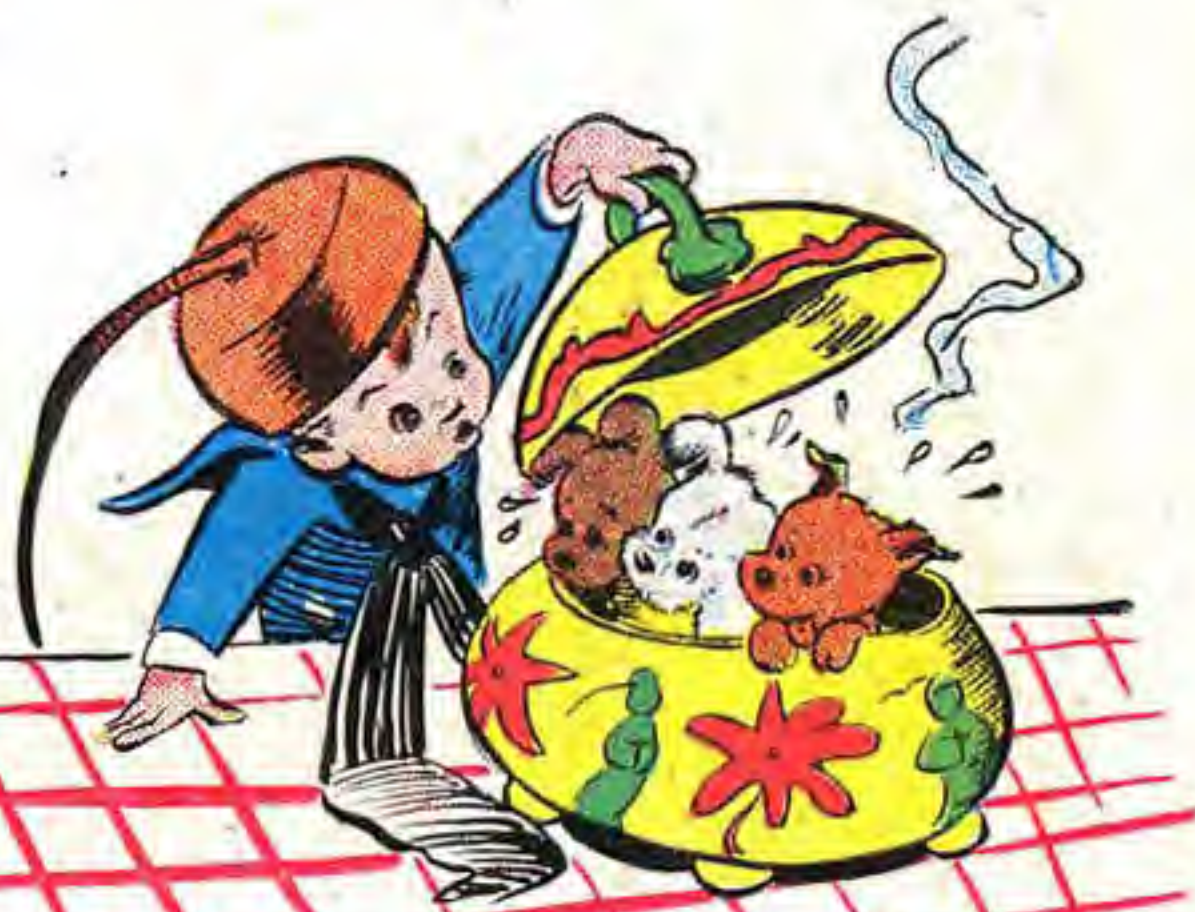
He turned ten
somersaults backward



And they made him a mandarin!



Then Tom had to play the celestial
And dangle a long pigtail



And dine on puppies and kittens
Till his spirits began to fail.



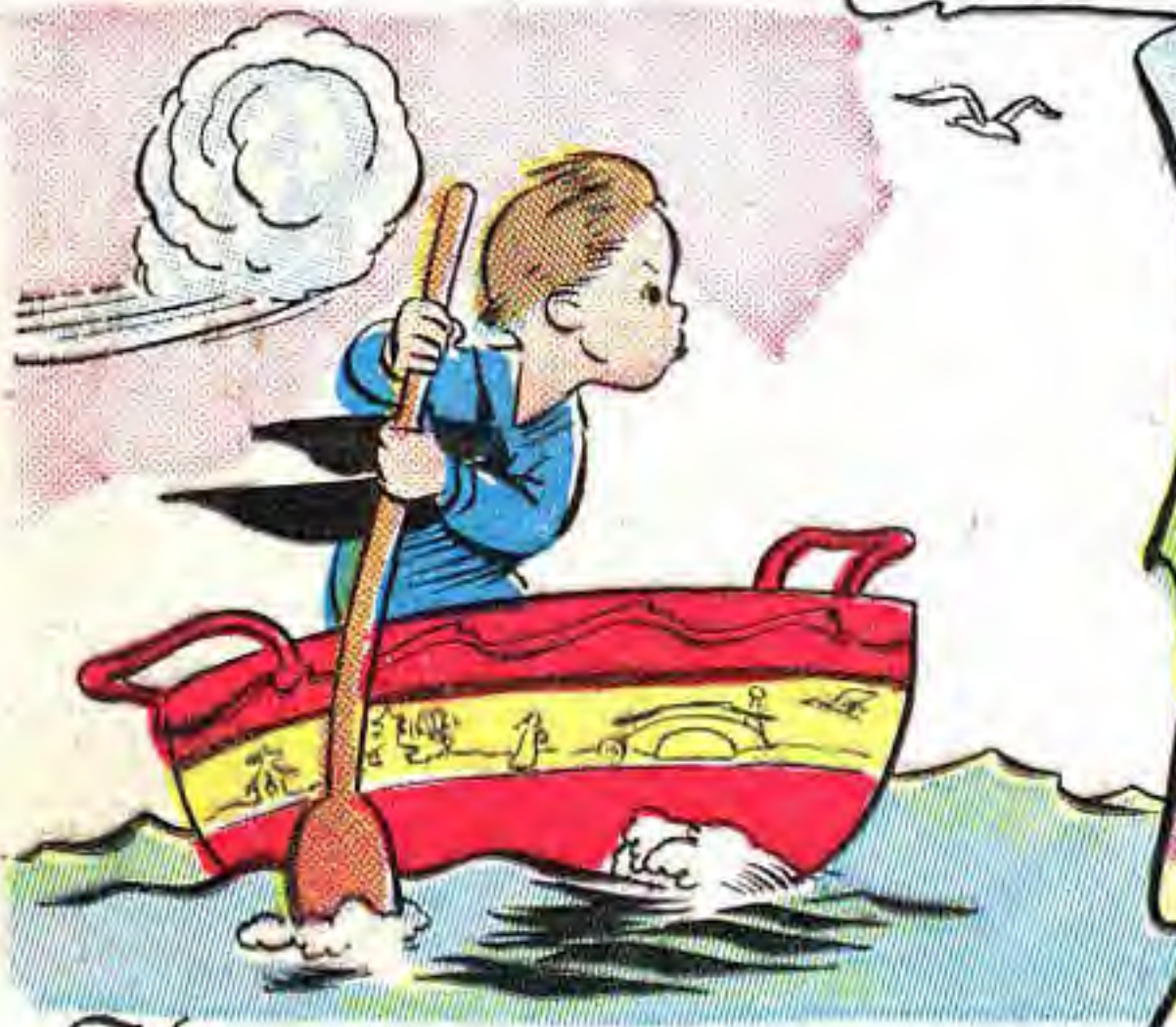
He longed for his own
native country;



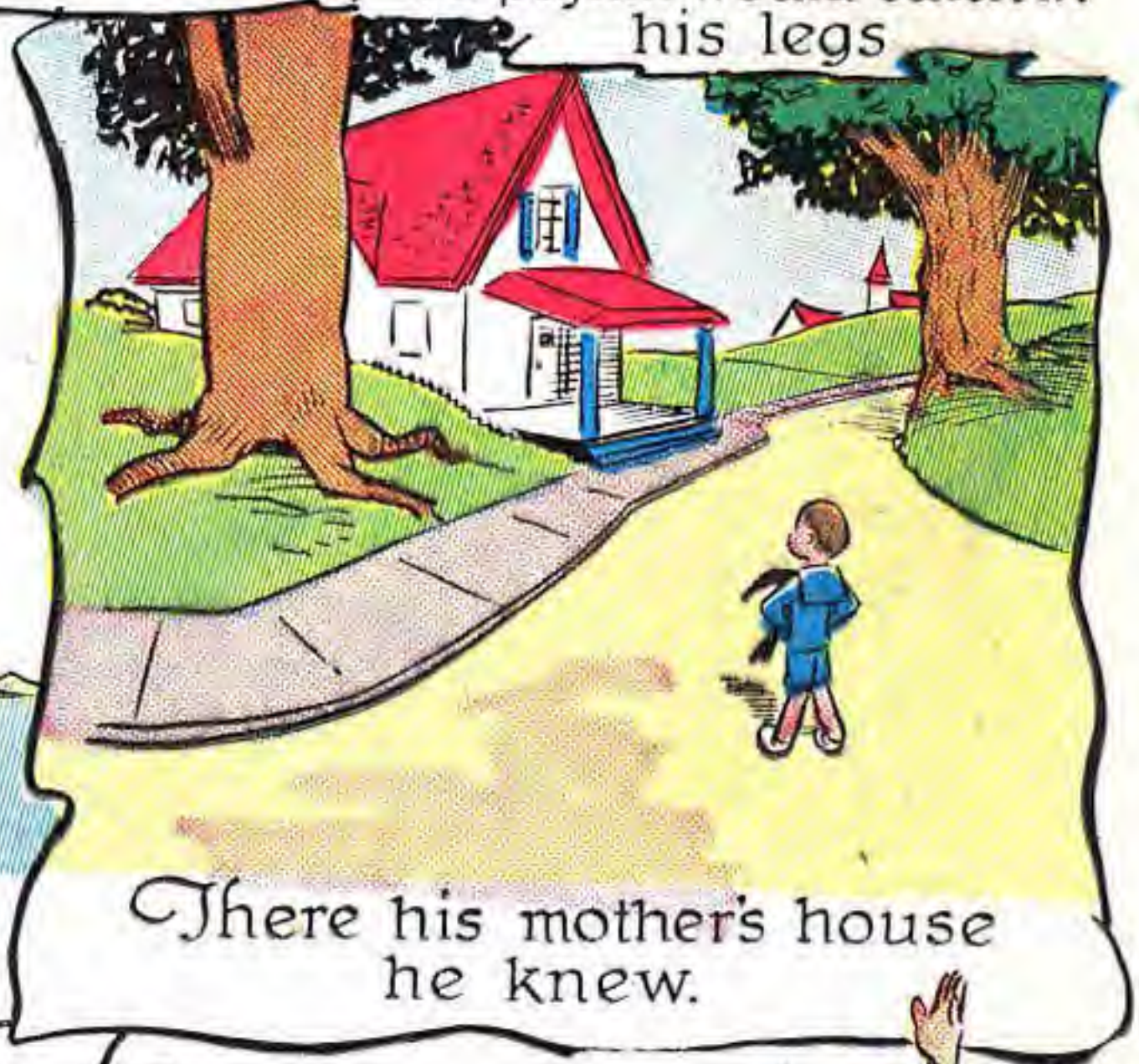
He sighed for his
ham and eggs.



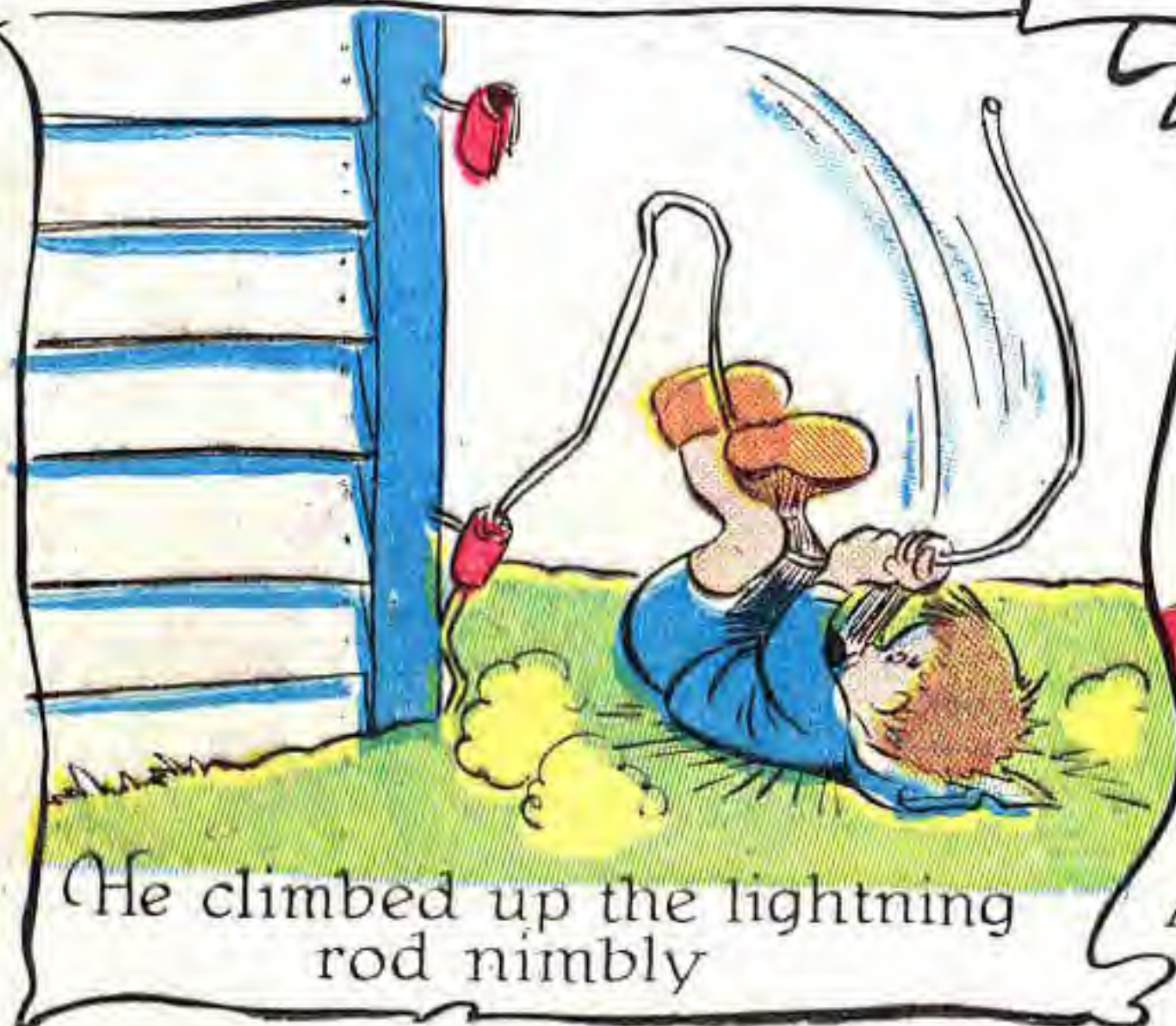
In turning somersaults
backward
His pigtail would catch in
his legs



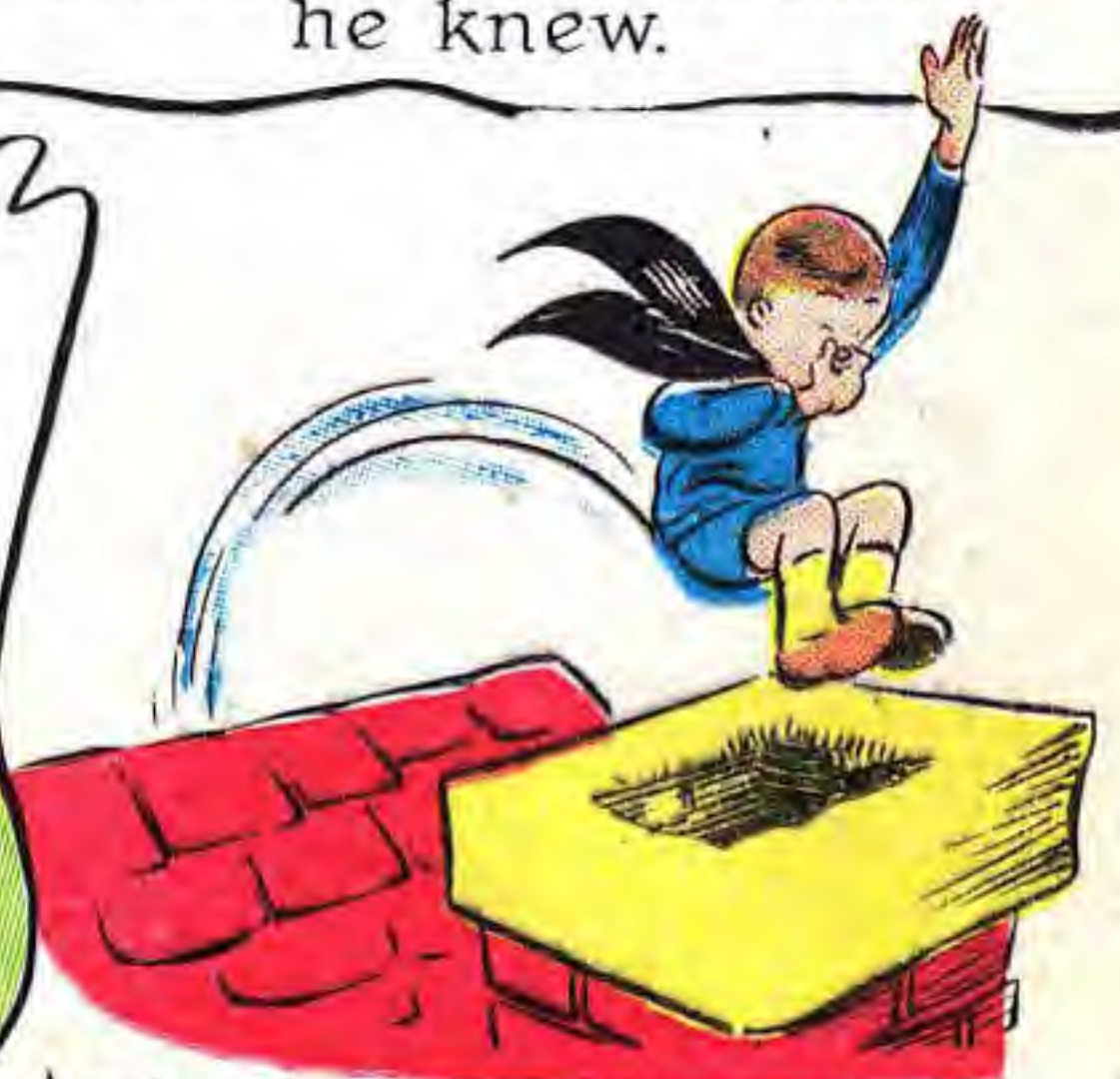
He sailed for Nantucket
harbor,



There his mother's house
he knew.



He climbed up the lightning
rod nimbly



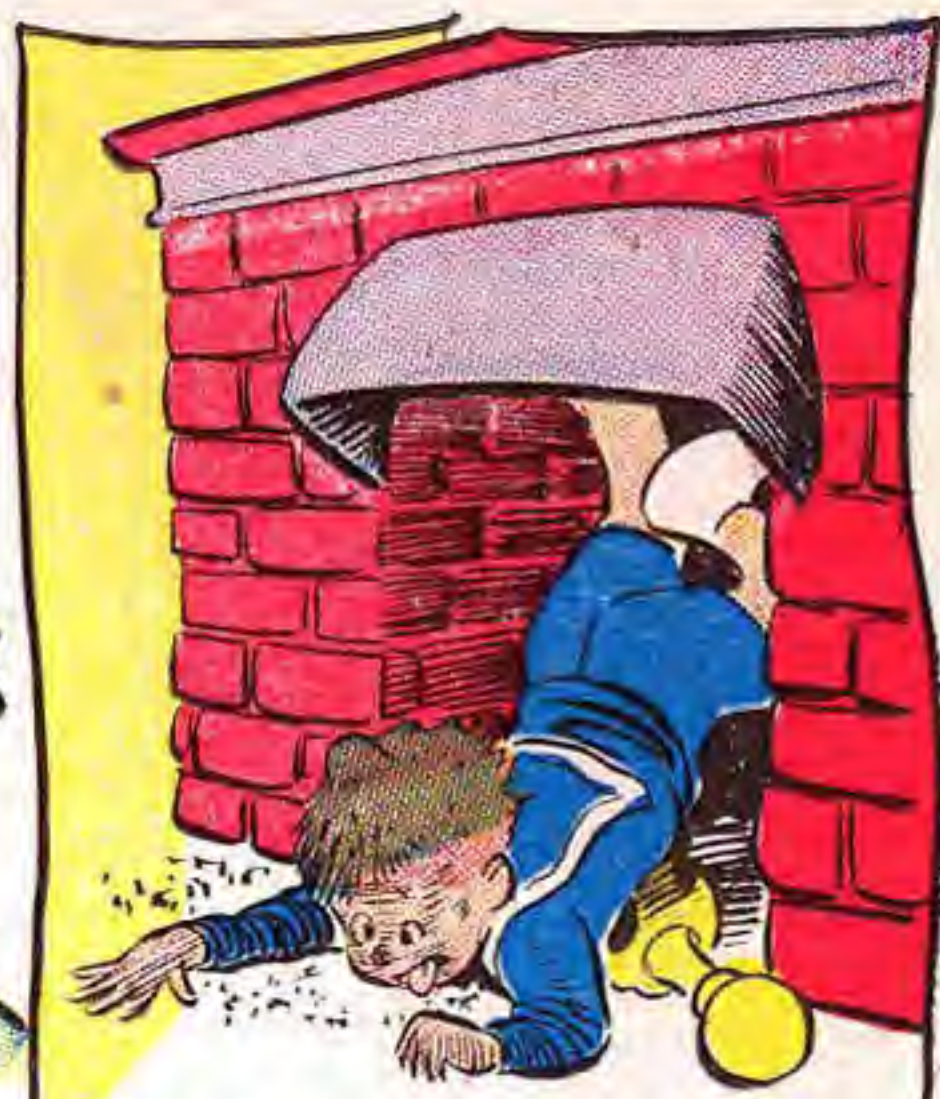
And slid down the chimney
flue.



His mother lay slumbring
and dreaming
Her Tommy she'd never see
more.



She opened
her eyes at
the racket



And there Tommy was
on the floor!



Her nightcap flew off in amazement,
Her hair stood on end with surprise.



"What kind of a ghost or
a spirit
Is this that I see with my eyes?"



"It is your most
dutiful Tommy."



"I will not believe it," she said,
"Till you turn ten somersaults backward
And stand half an hour on your head."

Angels ³³
GUARD
THY BED





"Why, that I will do, dearest
mother!"
So, off with a skip and a hop,



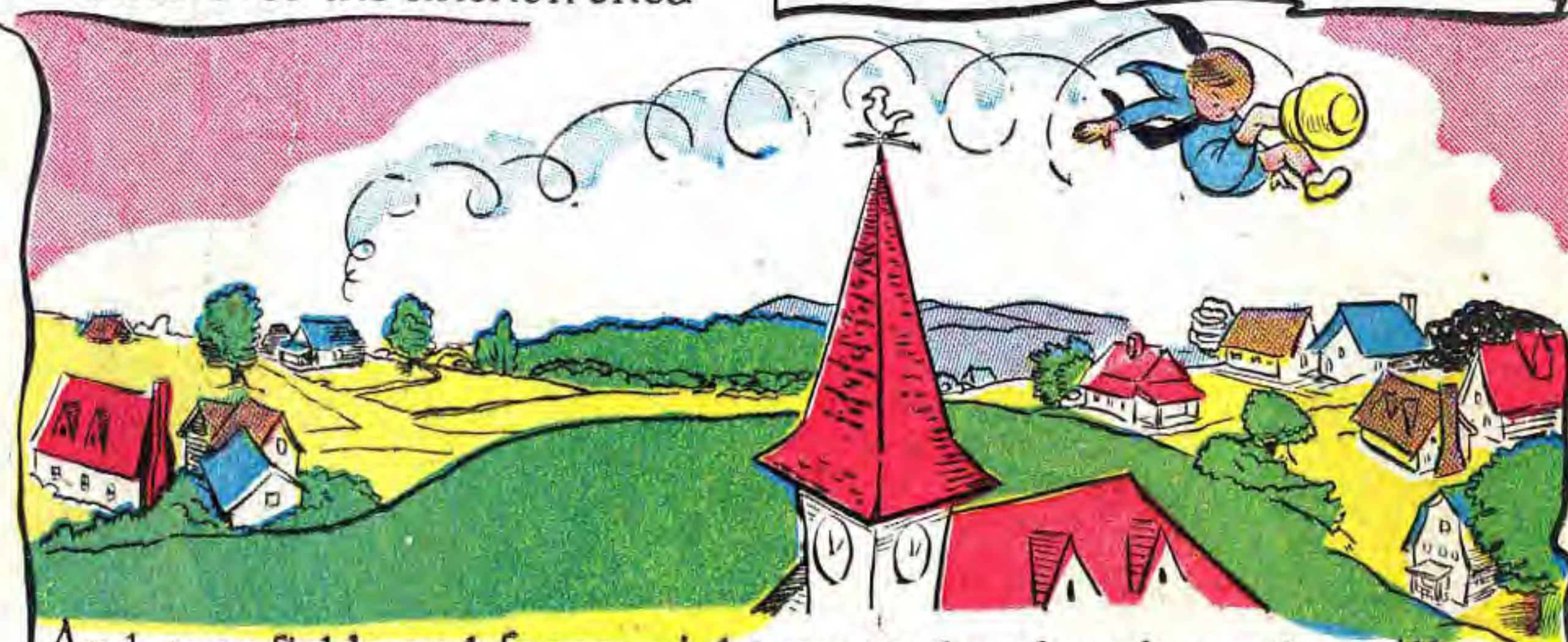
He turned nine somersaults backward
And then was unable to stop!



The tenth took him out of
the window
And over the kitchen shed



And over the patch of potatoes
And over the strawberry bed,



And over fields and fences, right up to the church on the hill,
Away he went turning and spinning, and he's spinning and turning still.

Old Woman Tossed Up in a Basket



There was an old woman tossed up
in a basket

Nineteen times as high as the moon.
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For with her she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman,"
quoth I,

"O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"

"To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky!"

"Shall I go with thee?"

"Aye, bye 'and bye!"



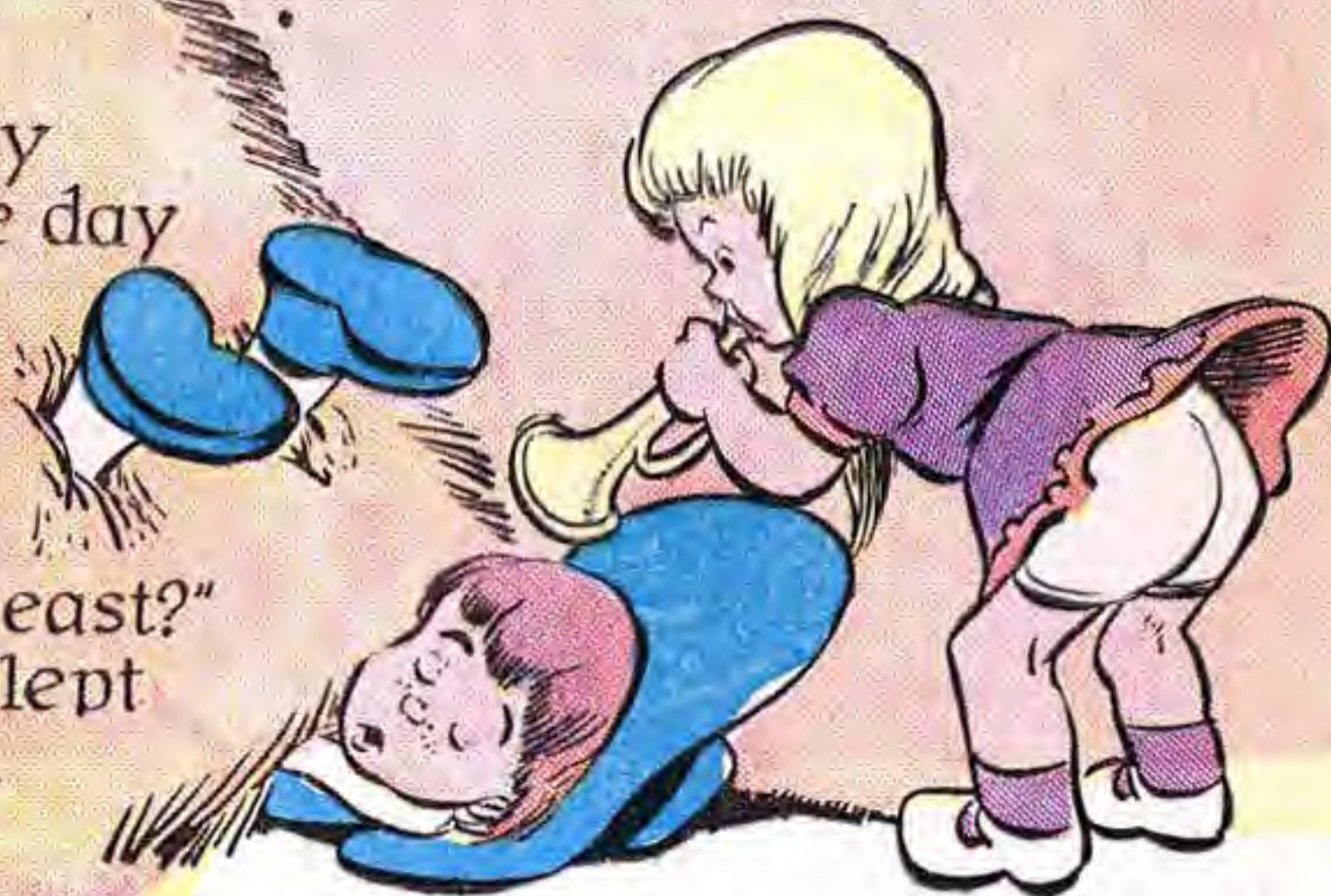


Little Miss Muffet,
Who sat on a tuffet,
Was frightened away
by a spider.



She ran down
the lane
With no thought
in her brain
But to find a safe
place that could
hide her.

Asleep in the hay
In the heat of the day
She came upon
Little Boy Blue.
"May I hide from
a beast
For a moment at least?"
She asked, but he slept
soundly through.



She next met a pig
In a beautiful wig
Made of twenty-four hairs—
that's enough,
But he offered no aid
To the frightened young maid.
All he wanted was a
pinch of snuff.



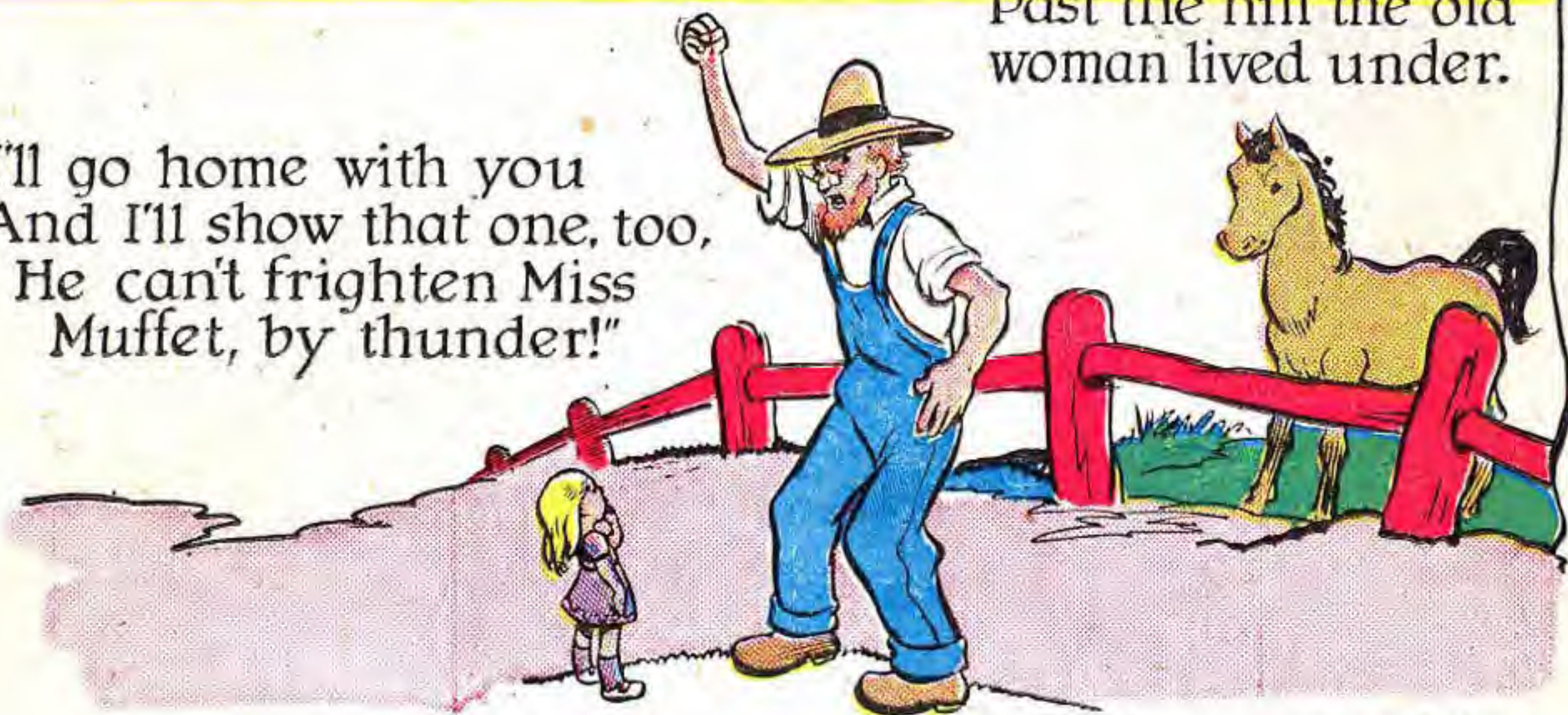
Along came a farmer
Who said to this
charmer,
"Why hurry so fast,
pretty maid?"
She called back
in reply
As she hurried
on by,
"I'm running because
I'm afraid."





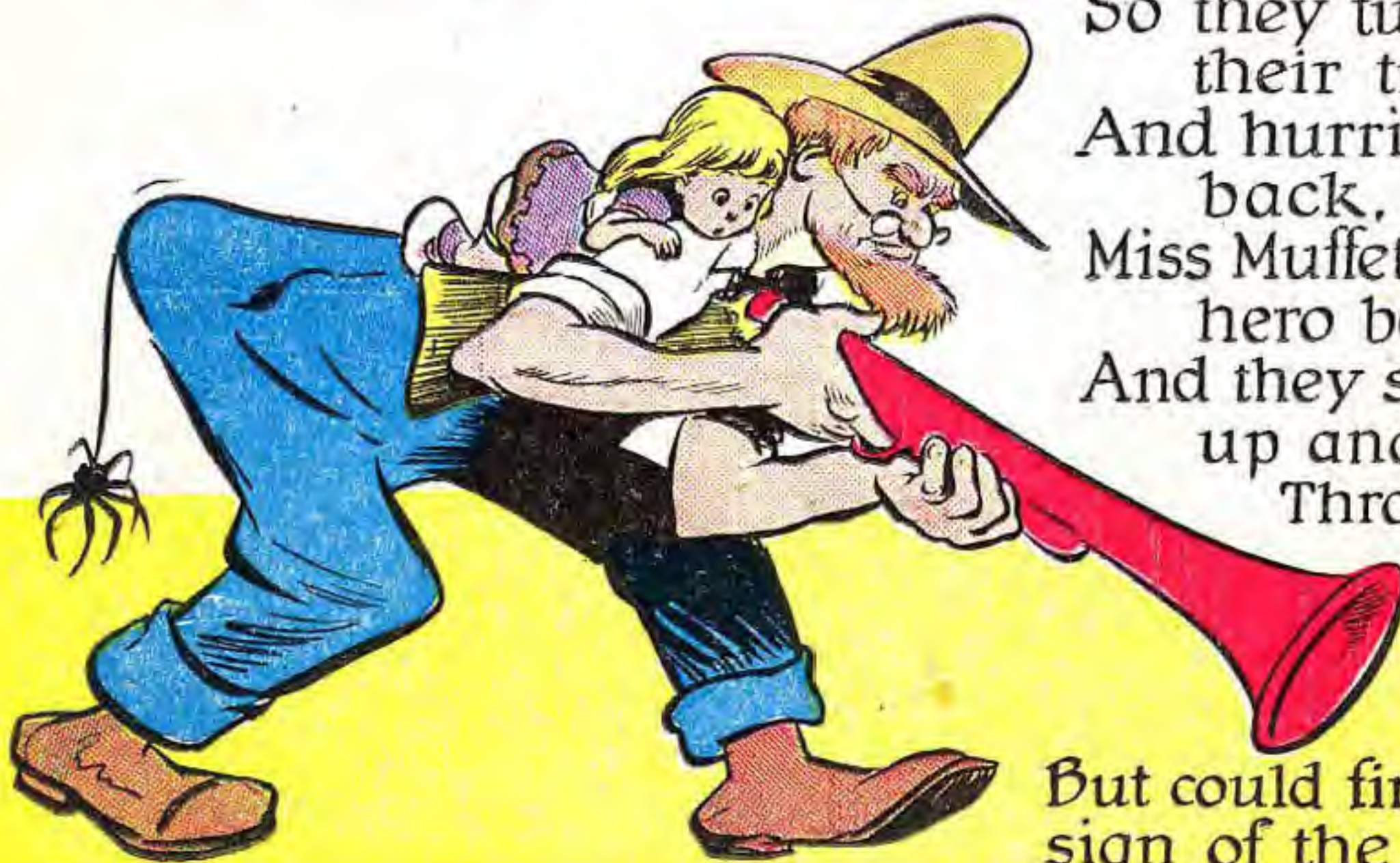
"Afraid of a spider?"
He ran on beside her.
Past the hill the old
woman lived under.

"I'll go home with you
And I'll show that one, too,
He can't frighten Miss
Muffet, by thunder!"



So they turned in
their track
And hurried right
back,
Miss Muffet with her
hero beside her.
And they searched
up and down
Through the
whole of
the town

But could find not a
sign of the spider!





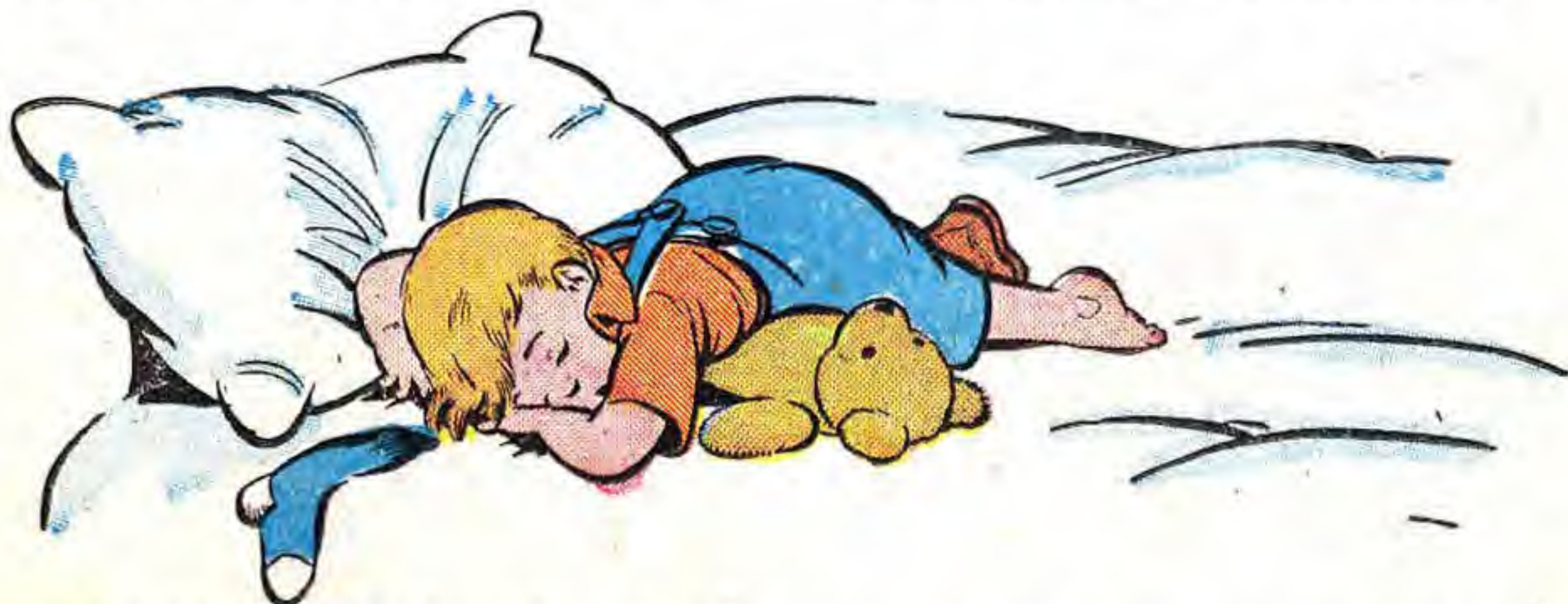
Diddle diddle
dumpling,
my son John

Went to bed
with his
trousers
on.



One shoe off

the other shoe on,



Diddle diddle dumpling,

my son John.



There was a little
Guinea pig,
Who, being little,
was not big.



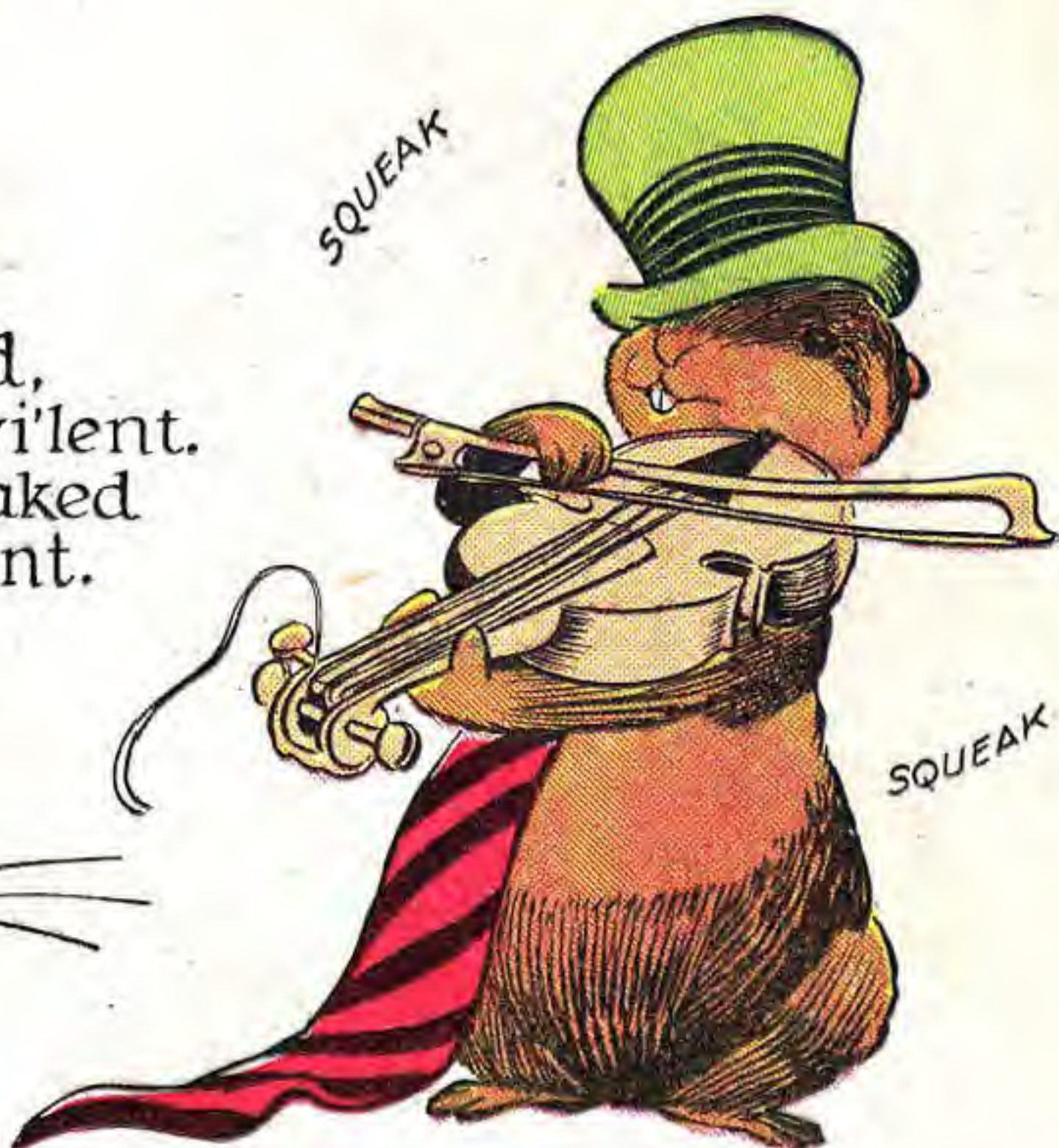
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.



When from a place he
ran away,
He never at that place
did stay;
And when he ran, as
I am told,
He ne'er stood still for
young or old.

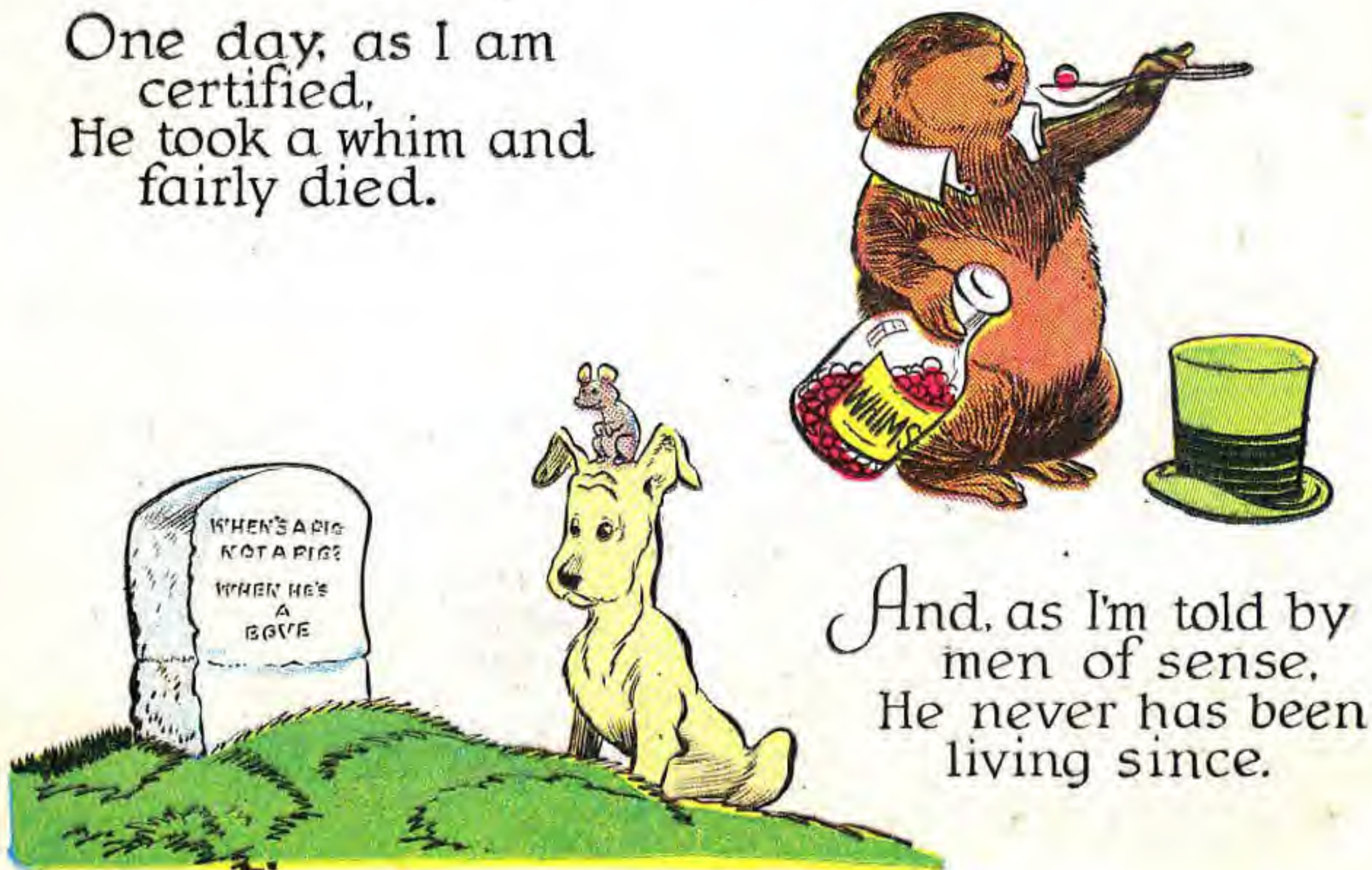


He often squeaked,
And sometimes vi'lent.
And when he squeaked
He ne'er was silent.



Though never instructed
by a cat,
He knew a mouse was
not a rat.

One day, as I am
certified,
He took a whim and
fairly died.



And, as I'm told by
men of sense,
He never has been
living since.

Sugar and Spice

What are little boys made of?



Scissors and snails
And puppy dogs' tails!

That's
what little
boys are
made of!



Then what are little
girls made of?



Sugar and spice
And *all* that's nice!

That's what little
girls are made of!





I took some sugar
white and brown,

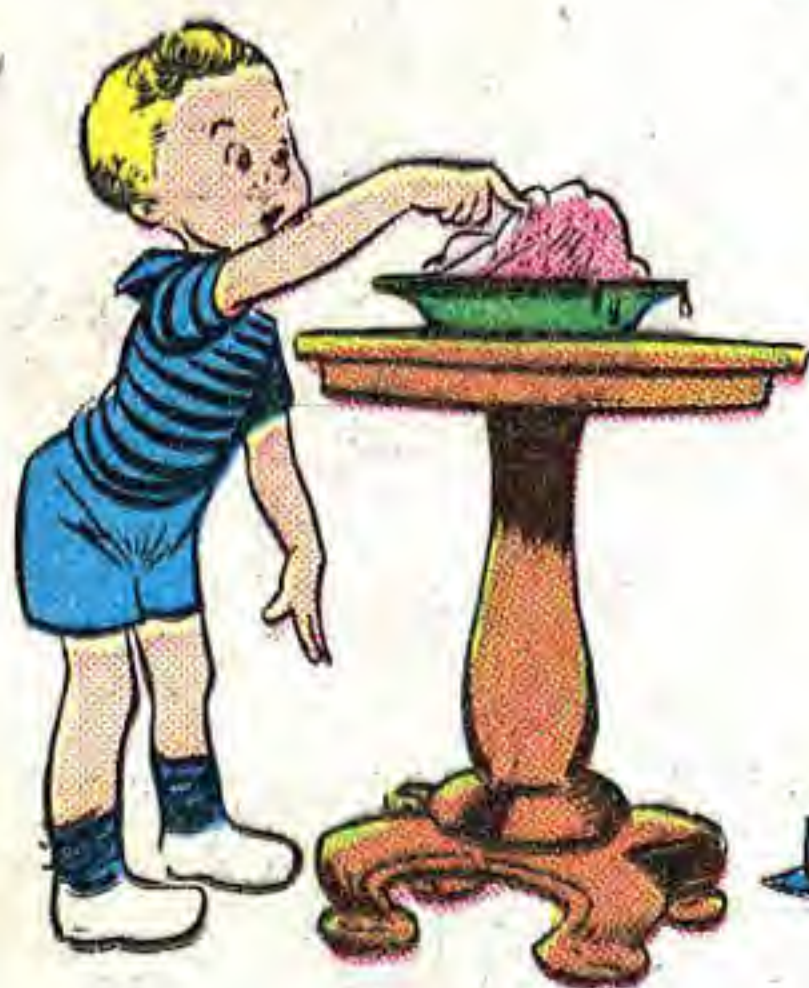


And spices mother
brought from town.
Cloves and ginger,
nutmeg and—



Cinnamon like
bright brown
sand...

Added a dash of
everything nice;



Bonbons, caramels,
raspberry ice,



Stirred it and



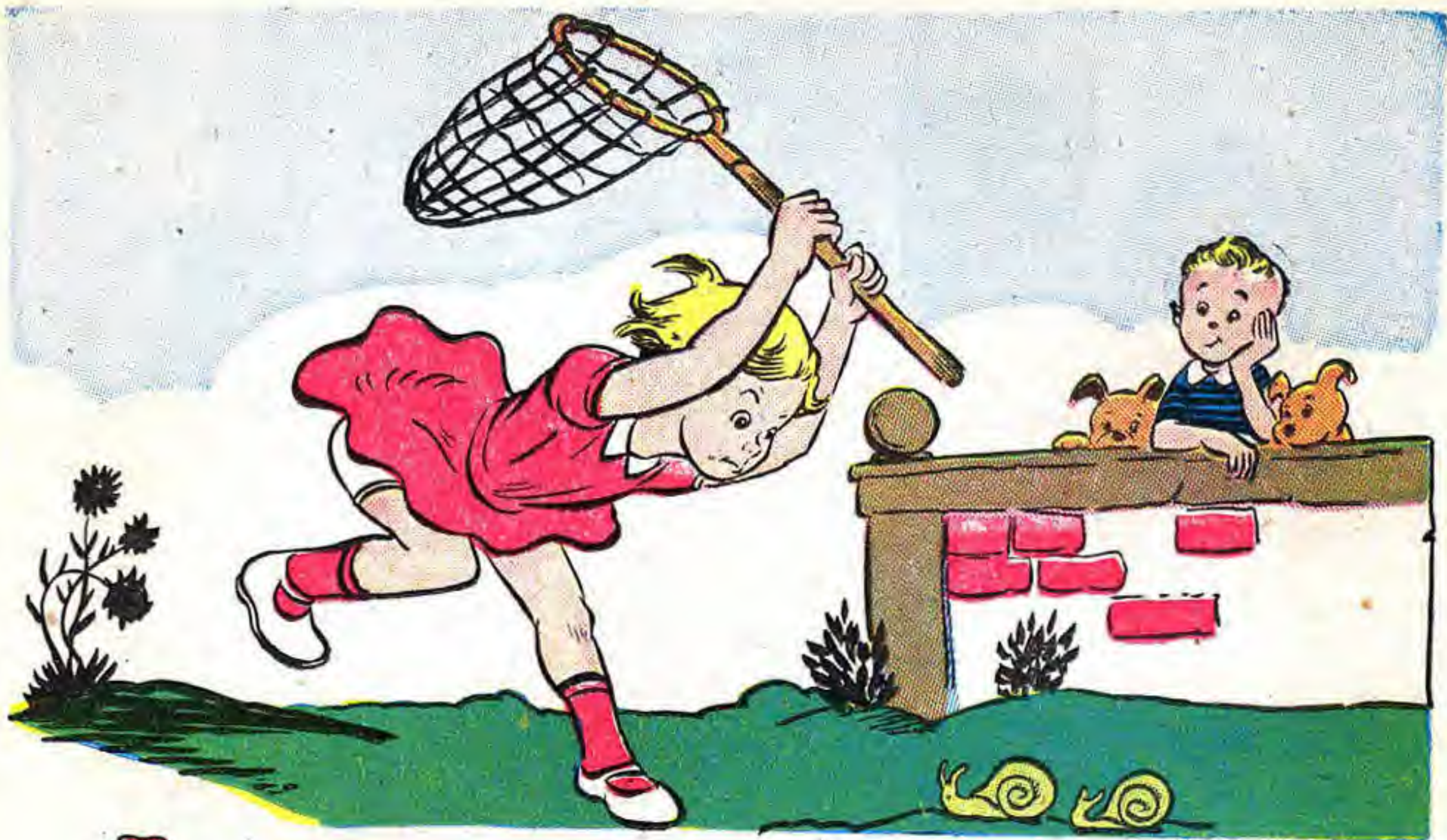
boiled it and



let it set.



But not *one* little
girl did I get!



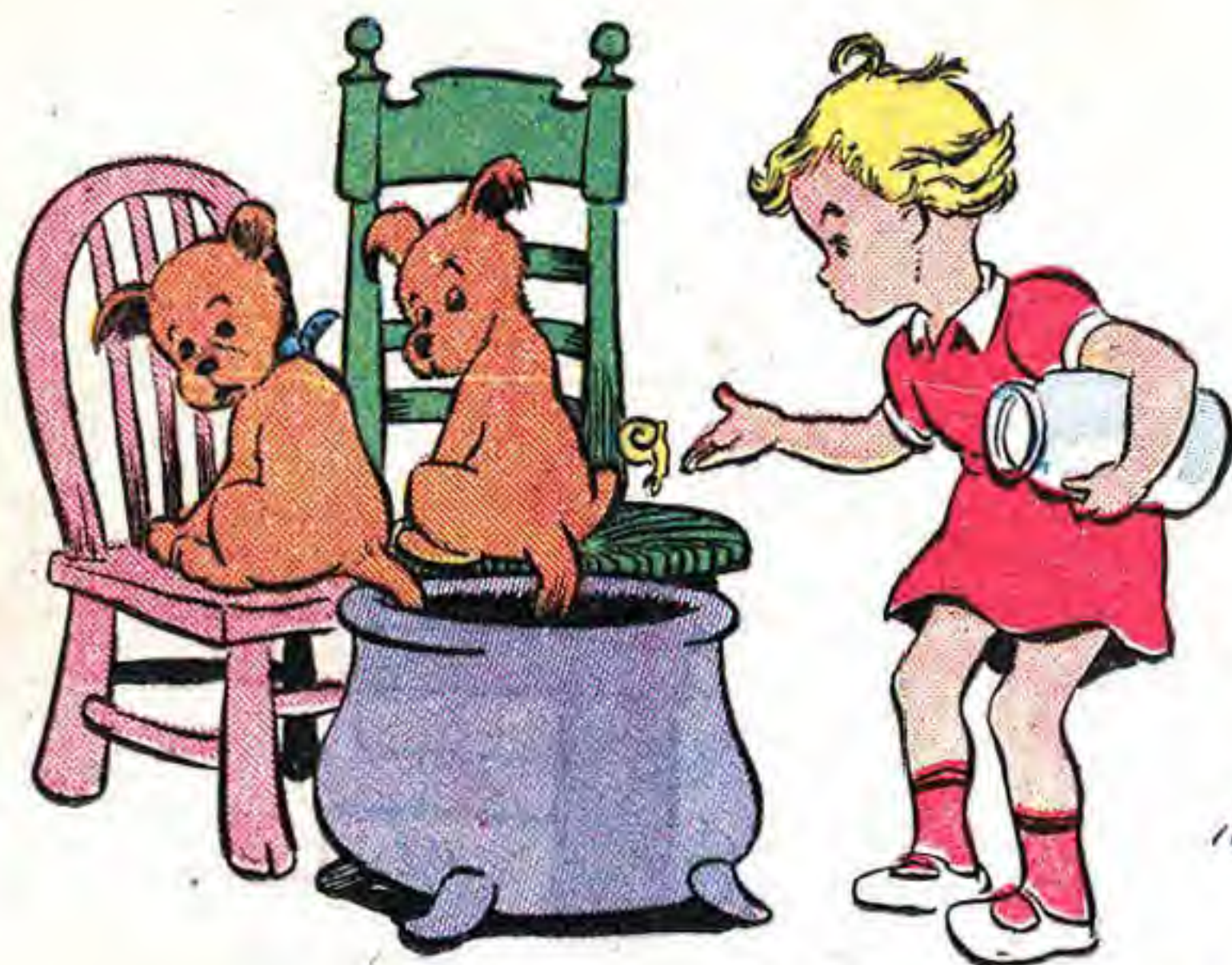
I caught some damp
and shiny snails,



Borrowed two small
puppy dogs' tails,



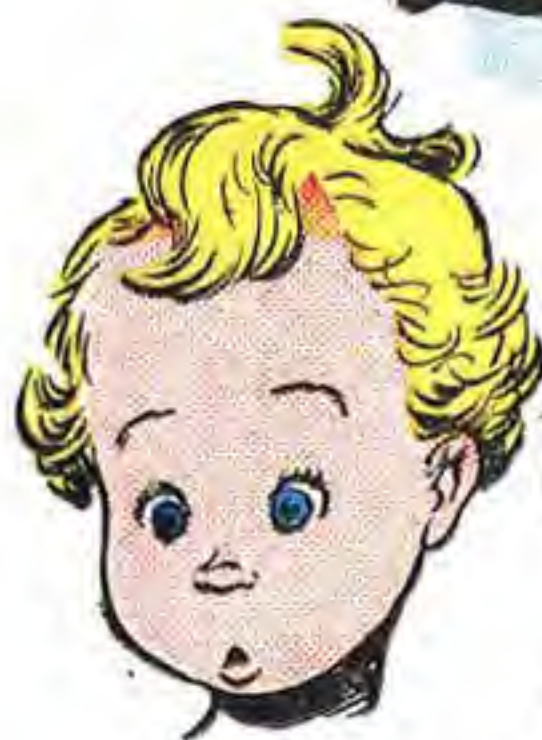
Took my mother's
sharpest shears
That she wouldn't
let me touch
for years.



Covered them up
in an iron pot



Then I peeked in
to see what I'd got.



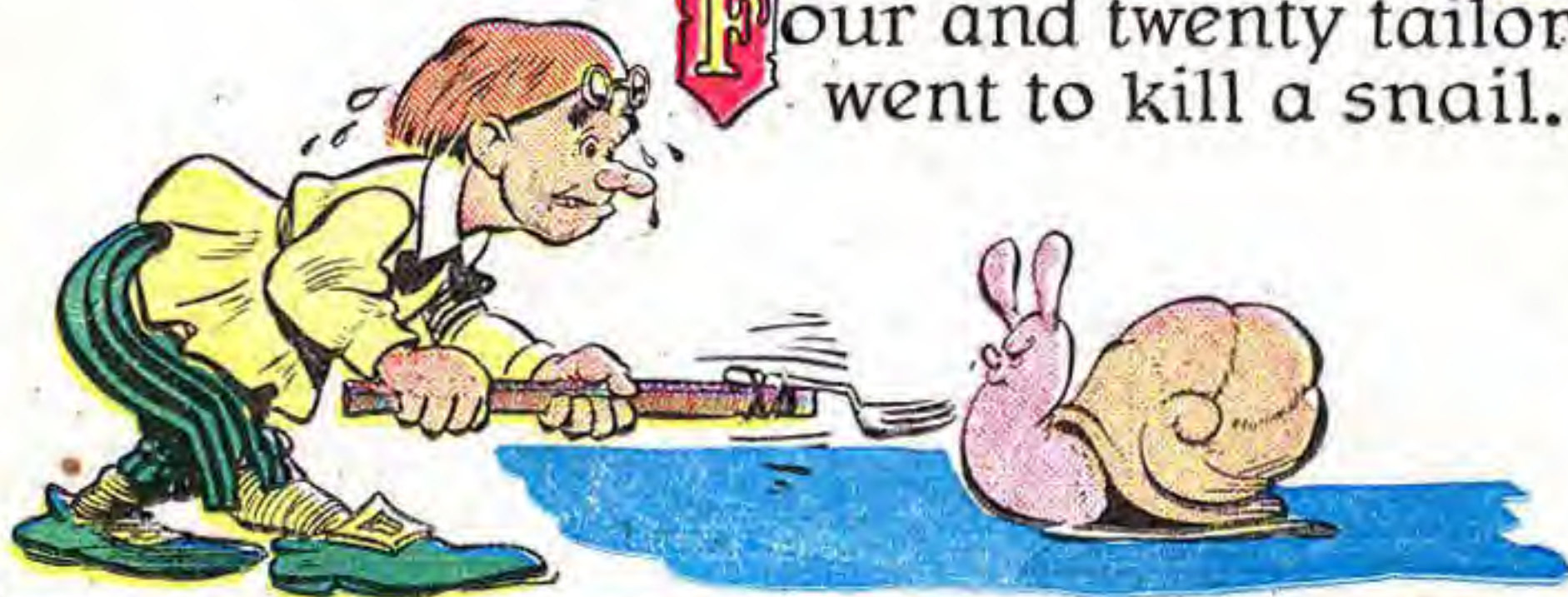
What a letdown
from promised
joy!
Not a single
little boy.

Now I wonder what
went wrong;
It didn't work out as
it did in the song.





Four and twenty tailors
went to kill a snail.



The best man amongst them durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns like a little kyloe cow;



Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you even now!

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe.



One, Two,
Buckle my shoe.

Three, Four,
Shut the door.



Five, Six,
Pick up sticks.

Seven, Eight,
Lay them straight.



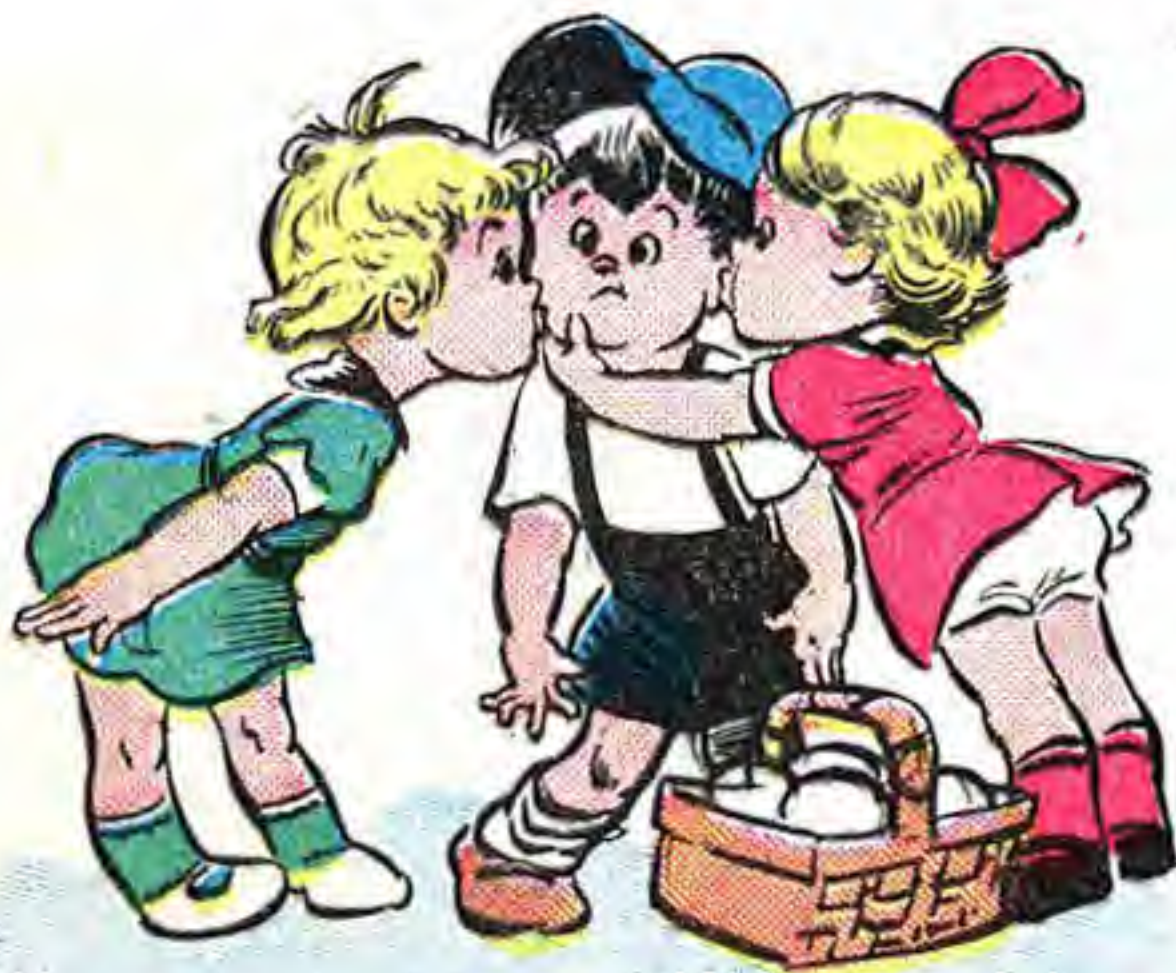
Nine, Ten, a big, fat hen.



Eleven, Twelve,
Who will delve?



Thirteen, Fourteen,
Maids a-courting.



Fifteen, Sixteen,
Maids a-kissing.

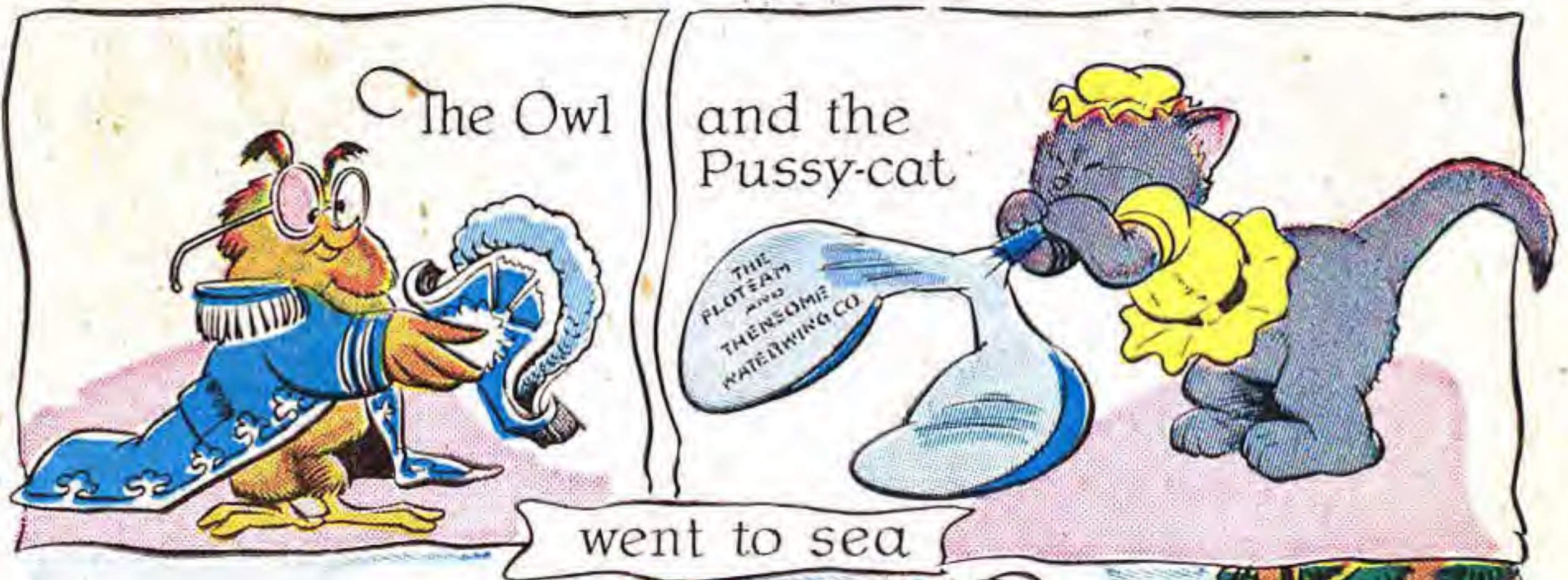


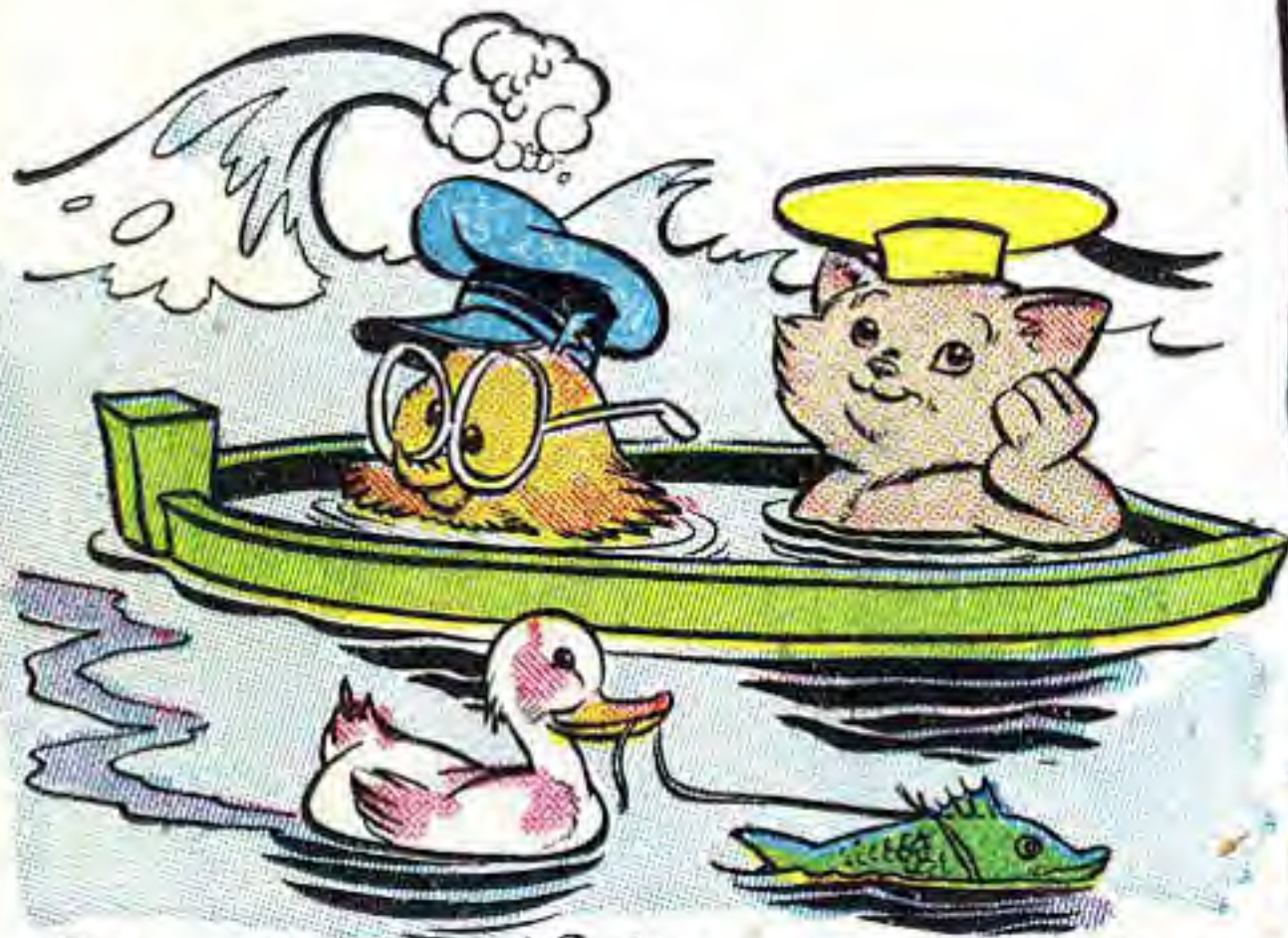
Seventeen, Eighteen,
Maids a-waiting.



Nineteen, Twenty, my stomach's empty

The OWL and the PUSSY-CAT





In a beautiful pea green boat



They went away to sea.



They took some honey



And plenty of money



Wrapped—



Oop!



In a five pound note.

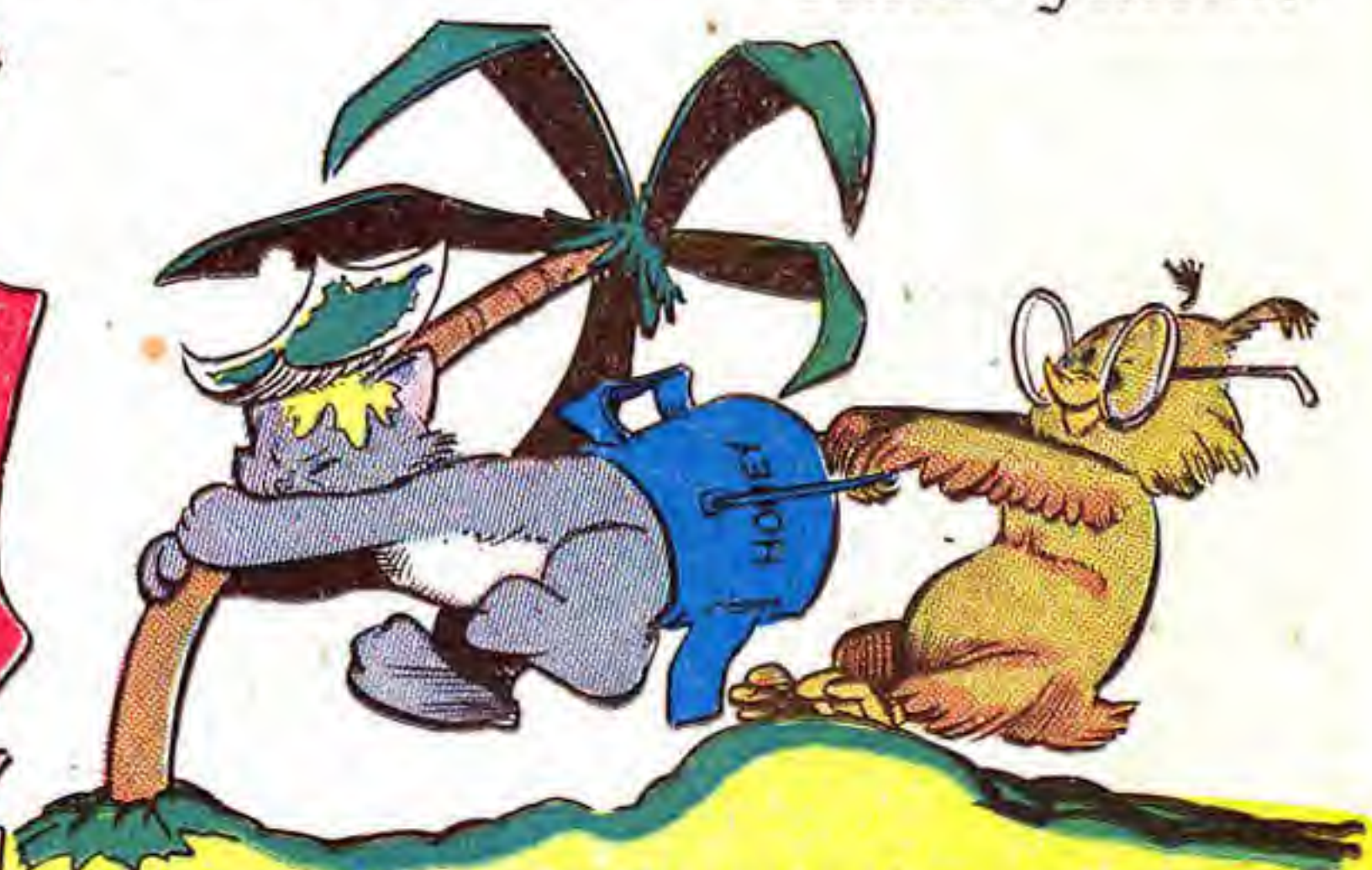


The Owl looked up to the stars above

And sang to a small guitar.



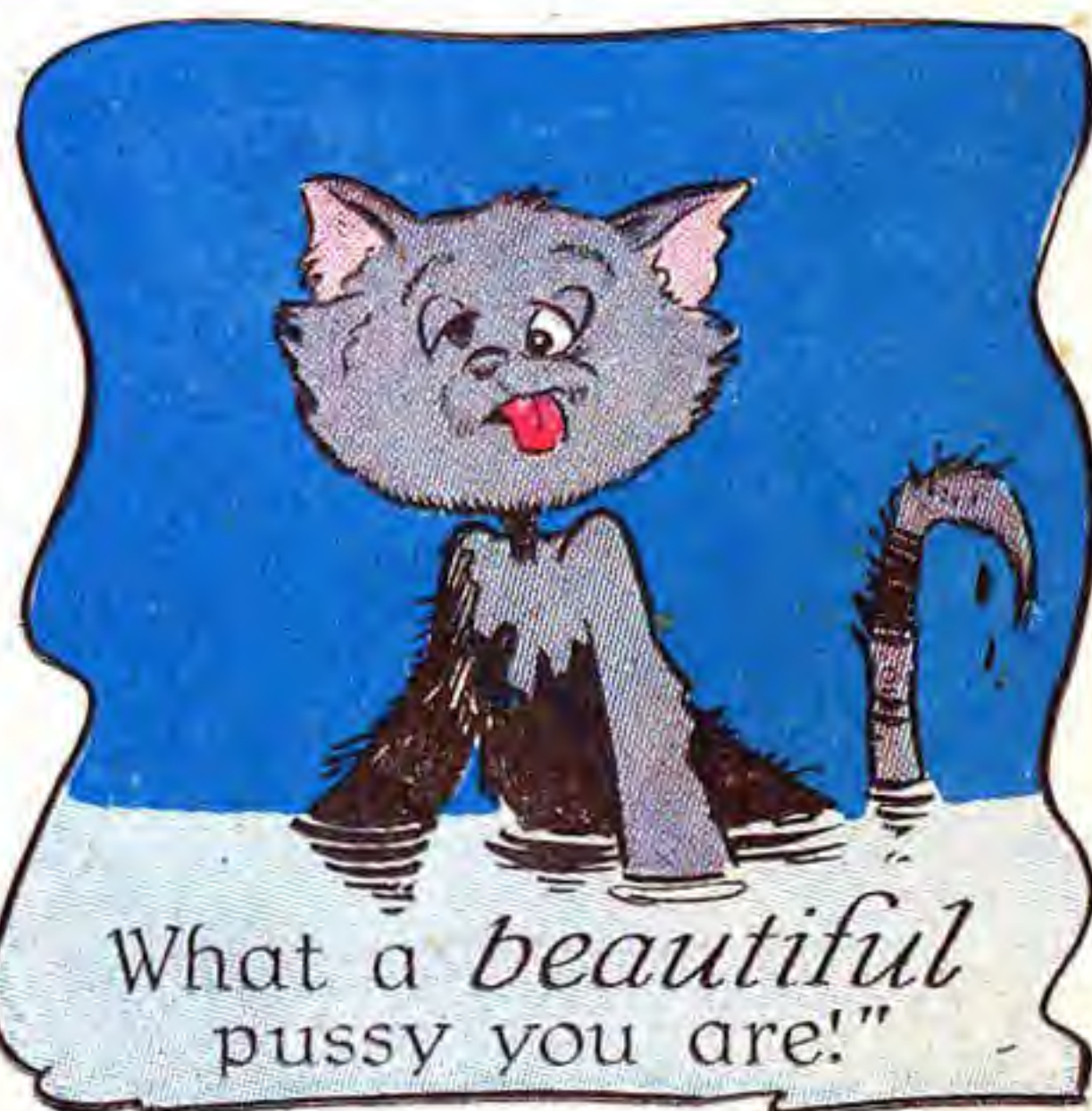
"Oh, lovely Pussy!



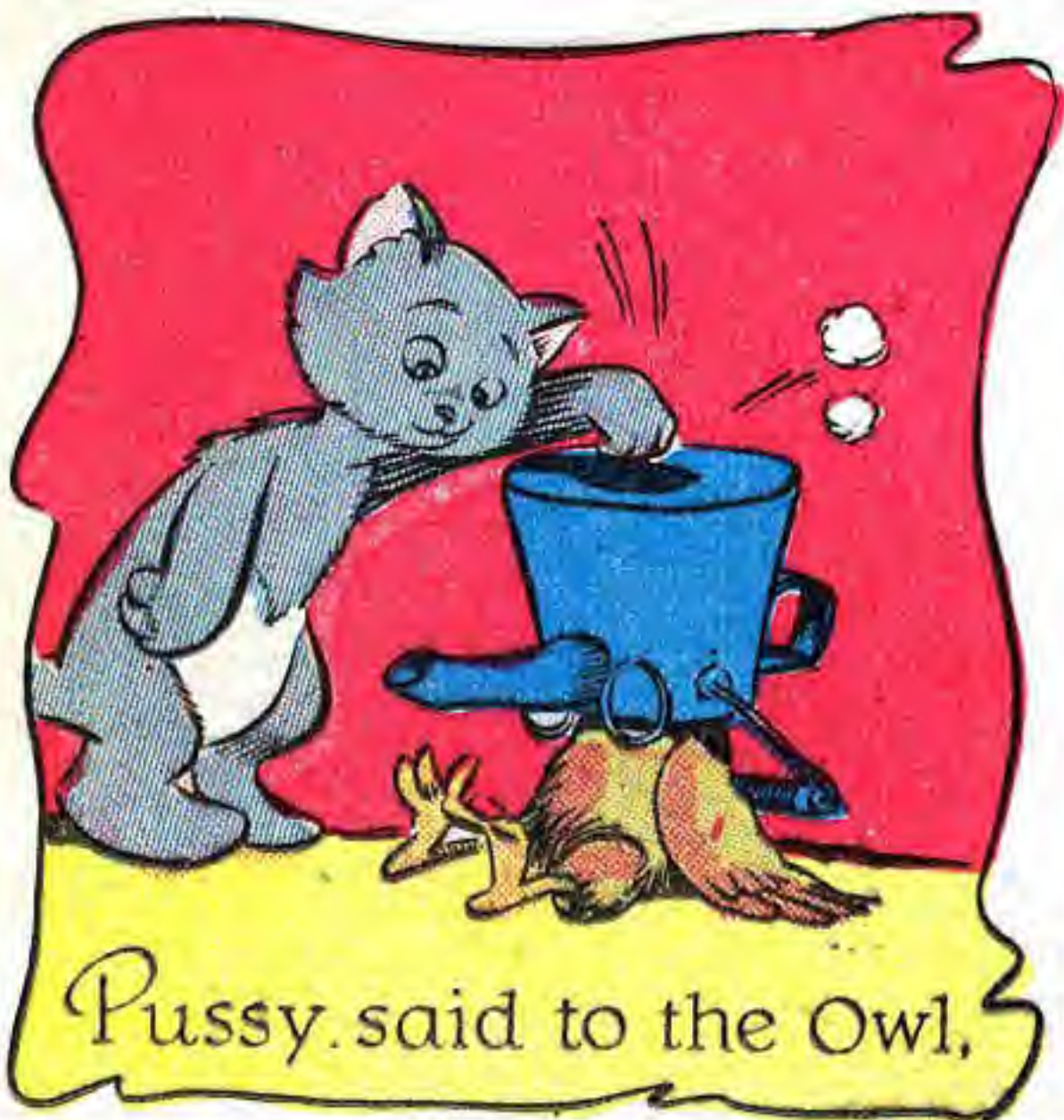
Oh, Pussy, my love,



What a beautiful pussy you are, you are, you are—



What a *beautiful* pussy you are!"



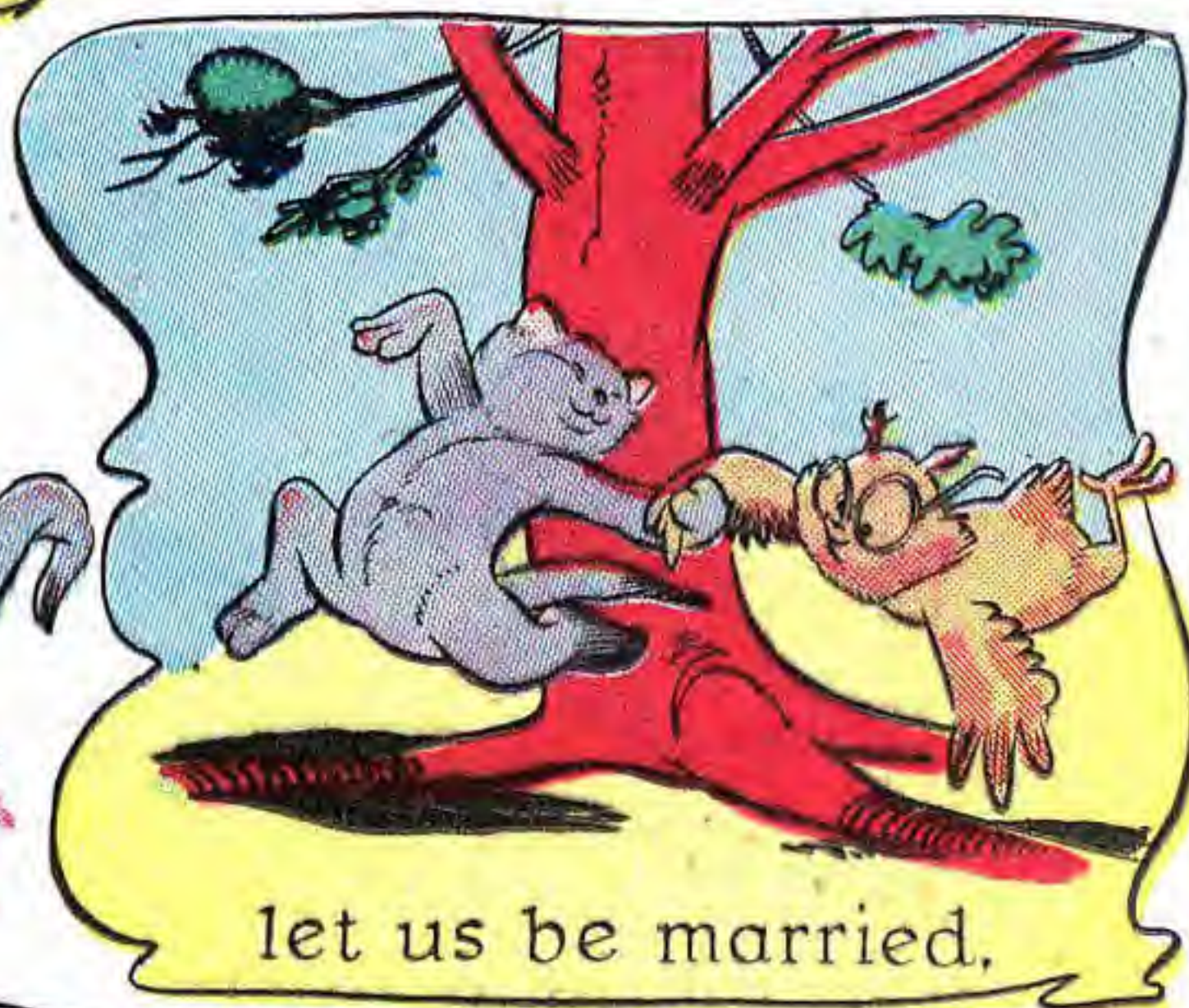
Pussy said to the Owl,



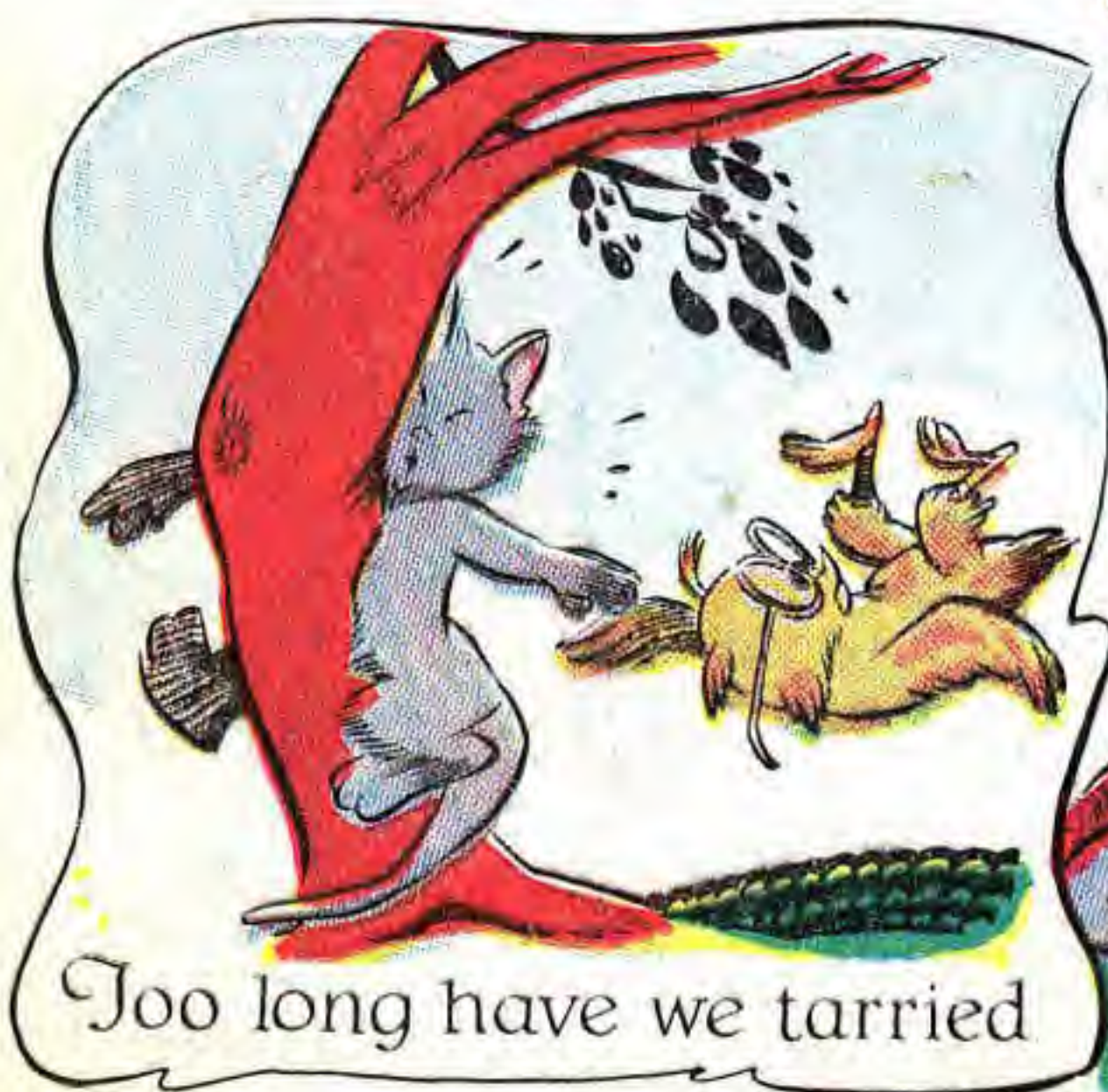
"You elegant fowl,



Come —



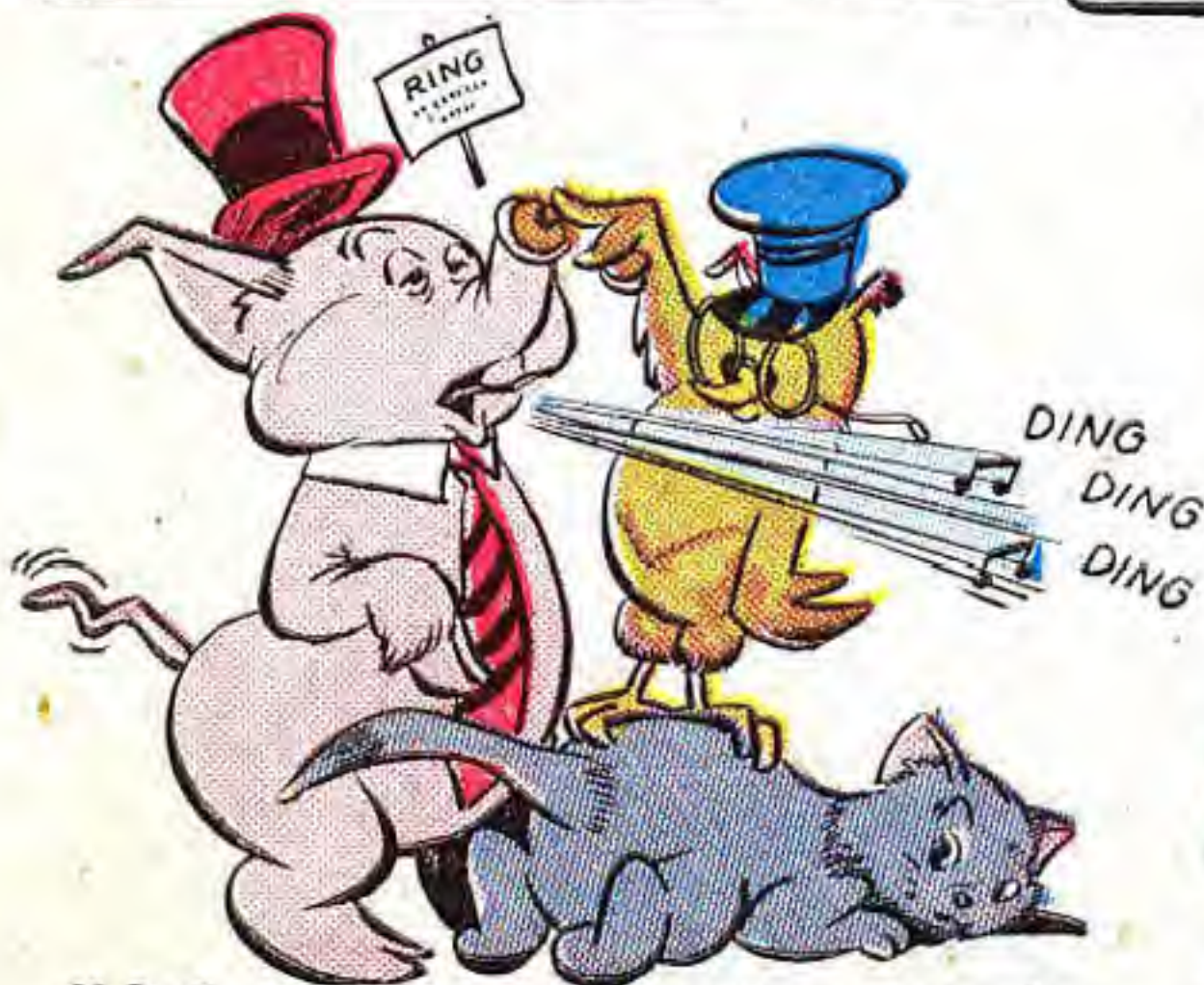
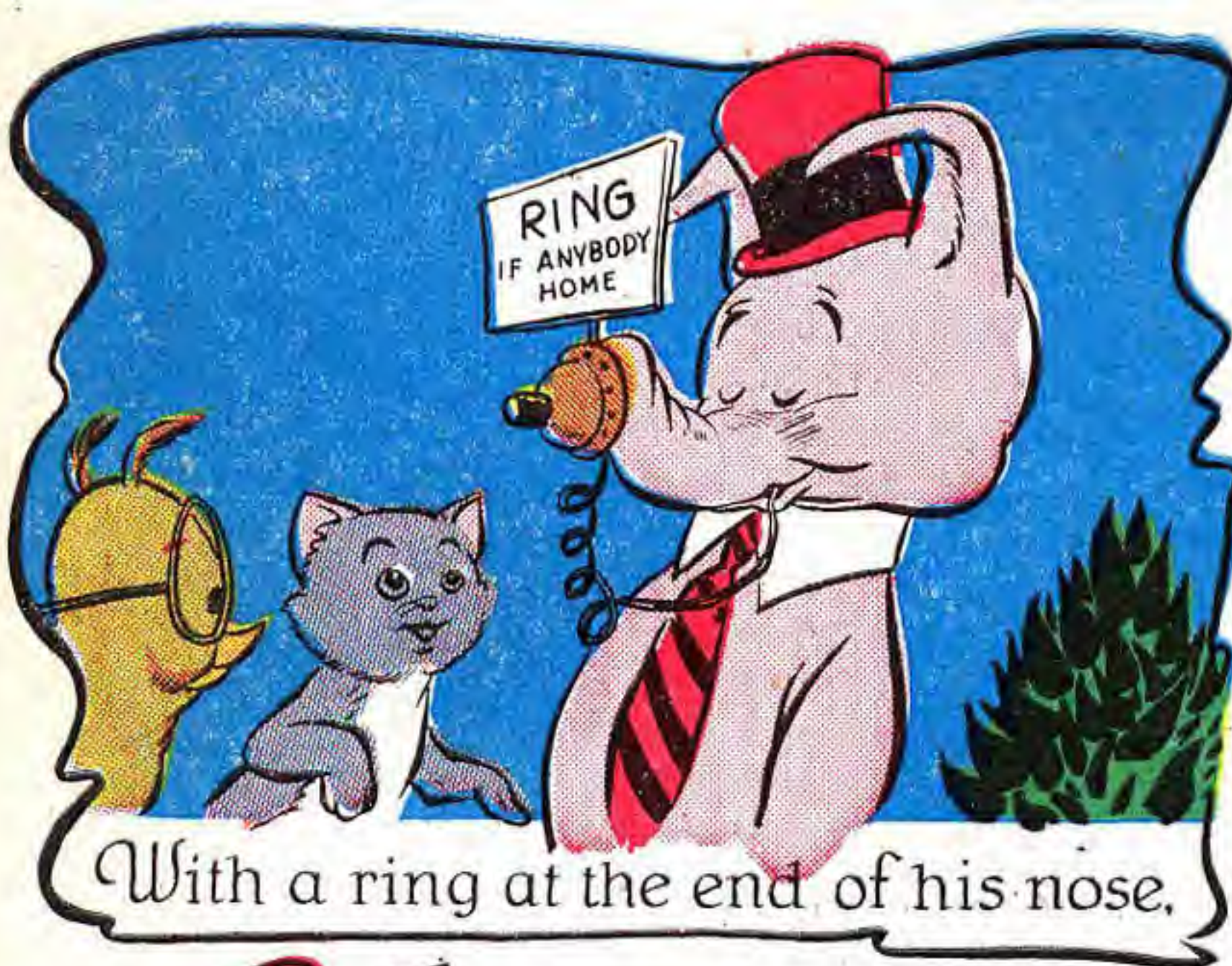
let us be married,



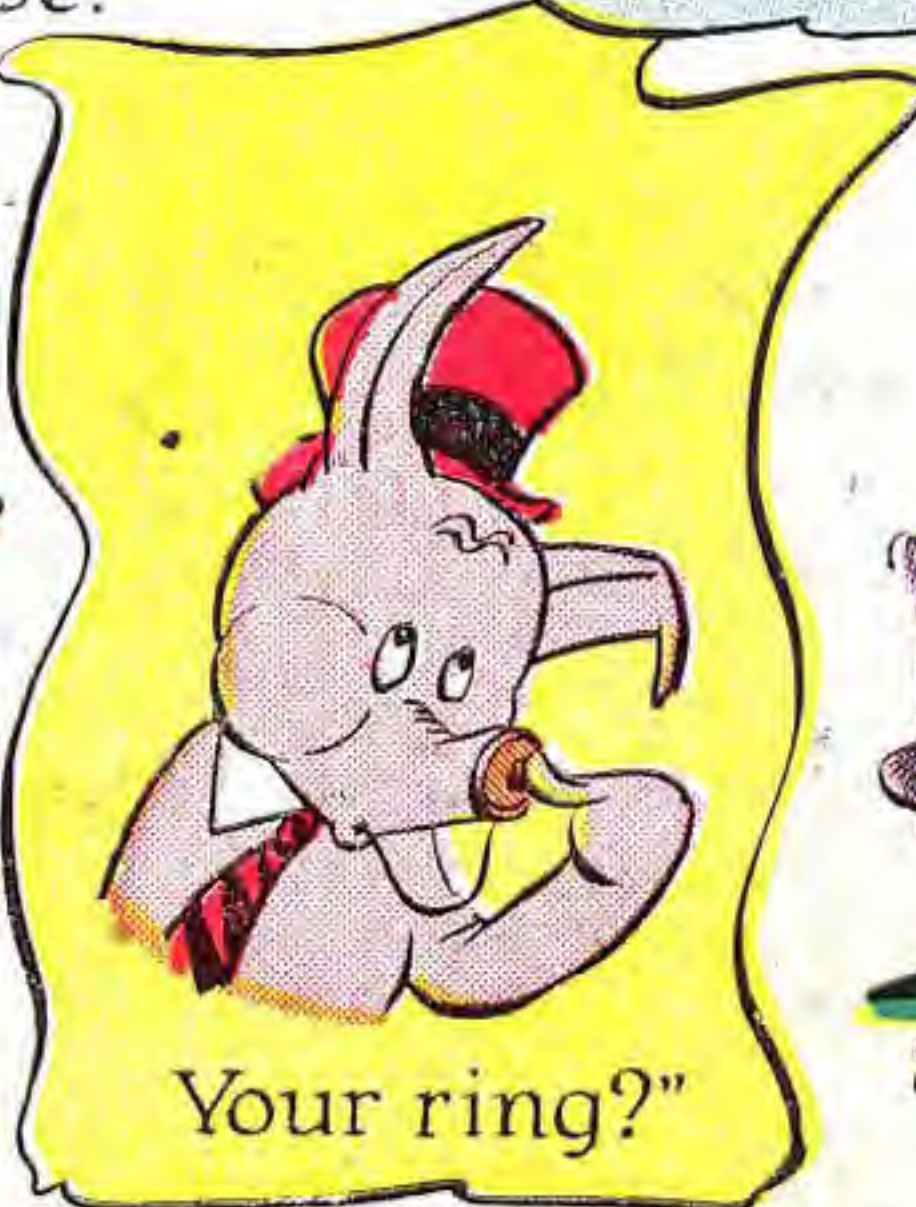
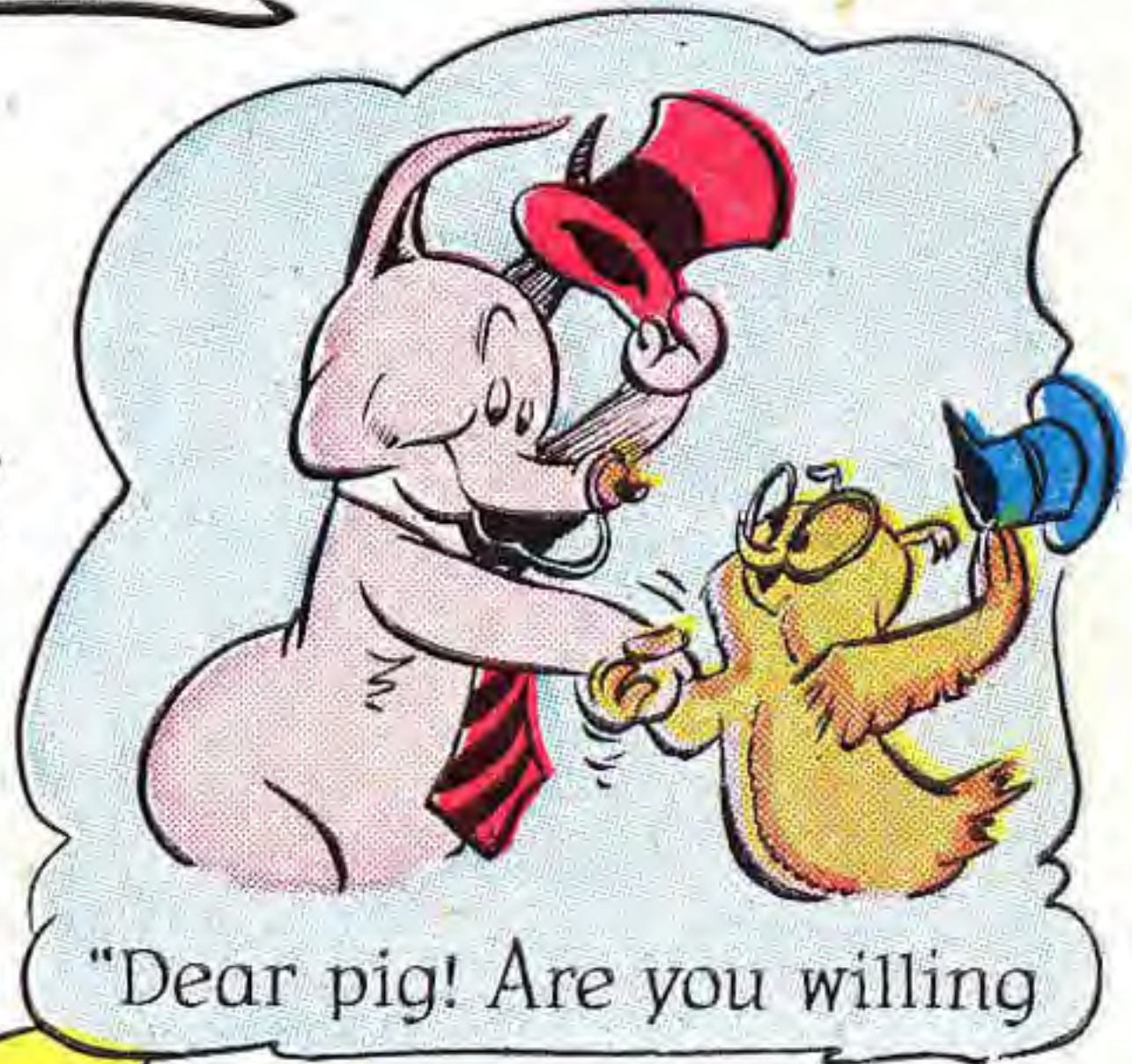
Too long have we tarried



"But what shall we do
for a ring?"



With a ring at the end of his nose.

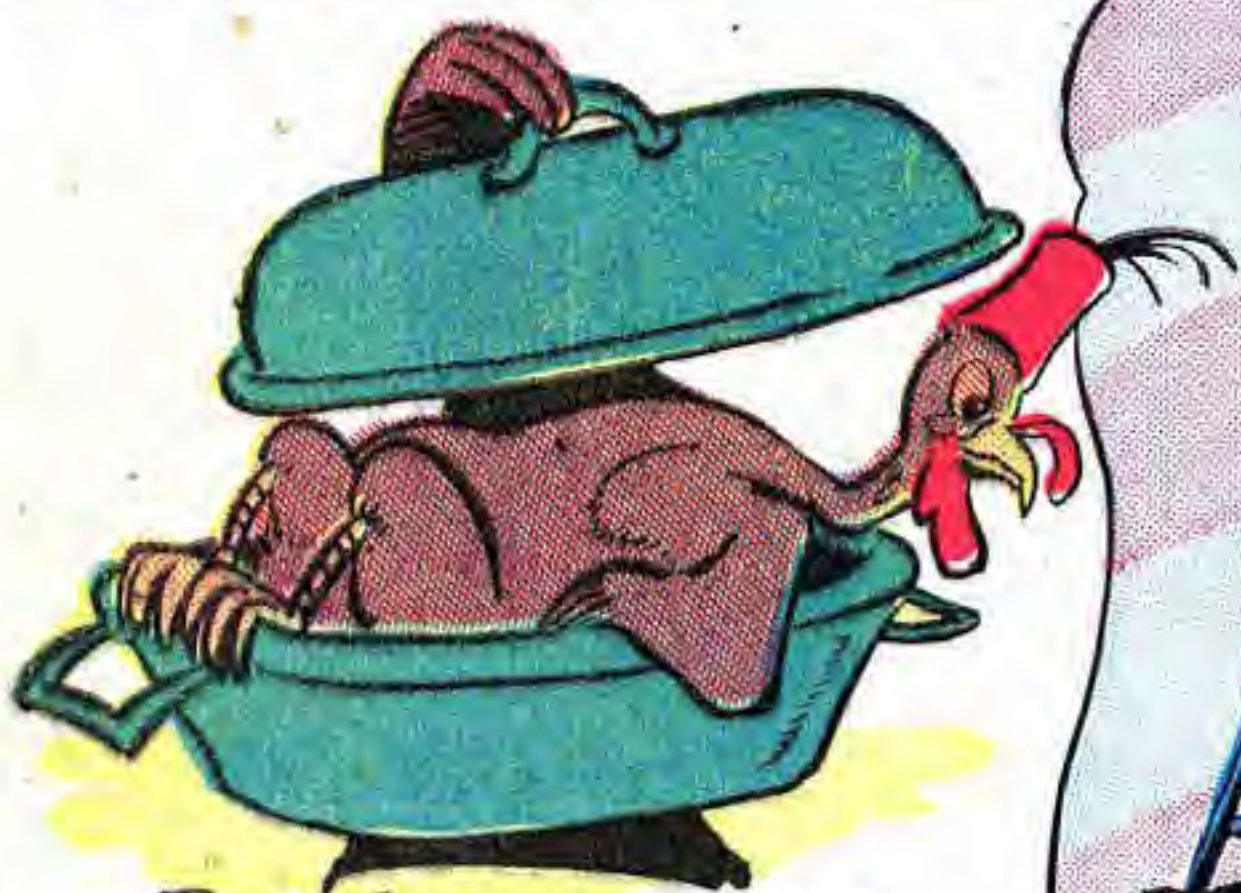




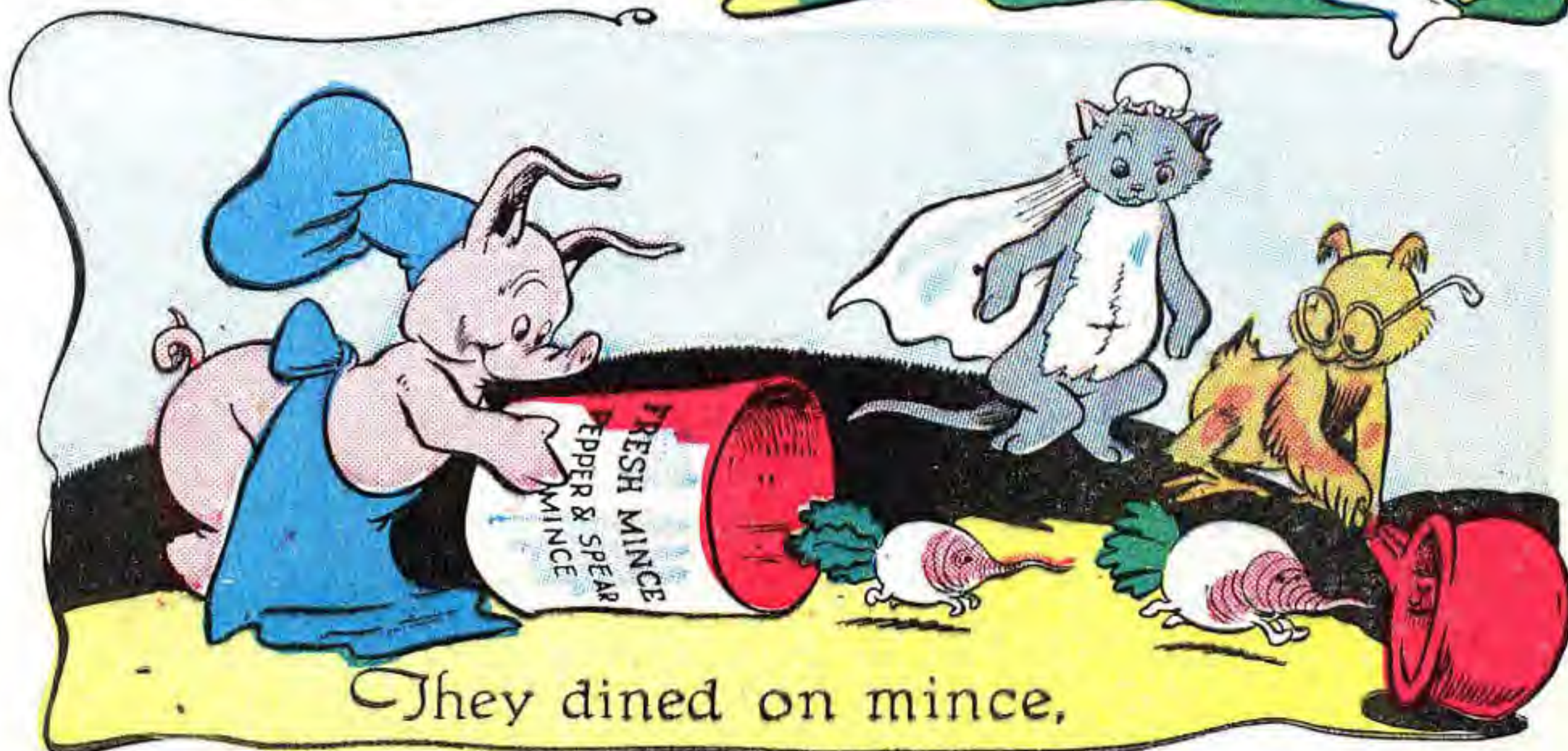
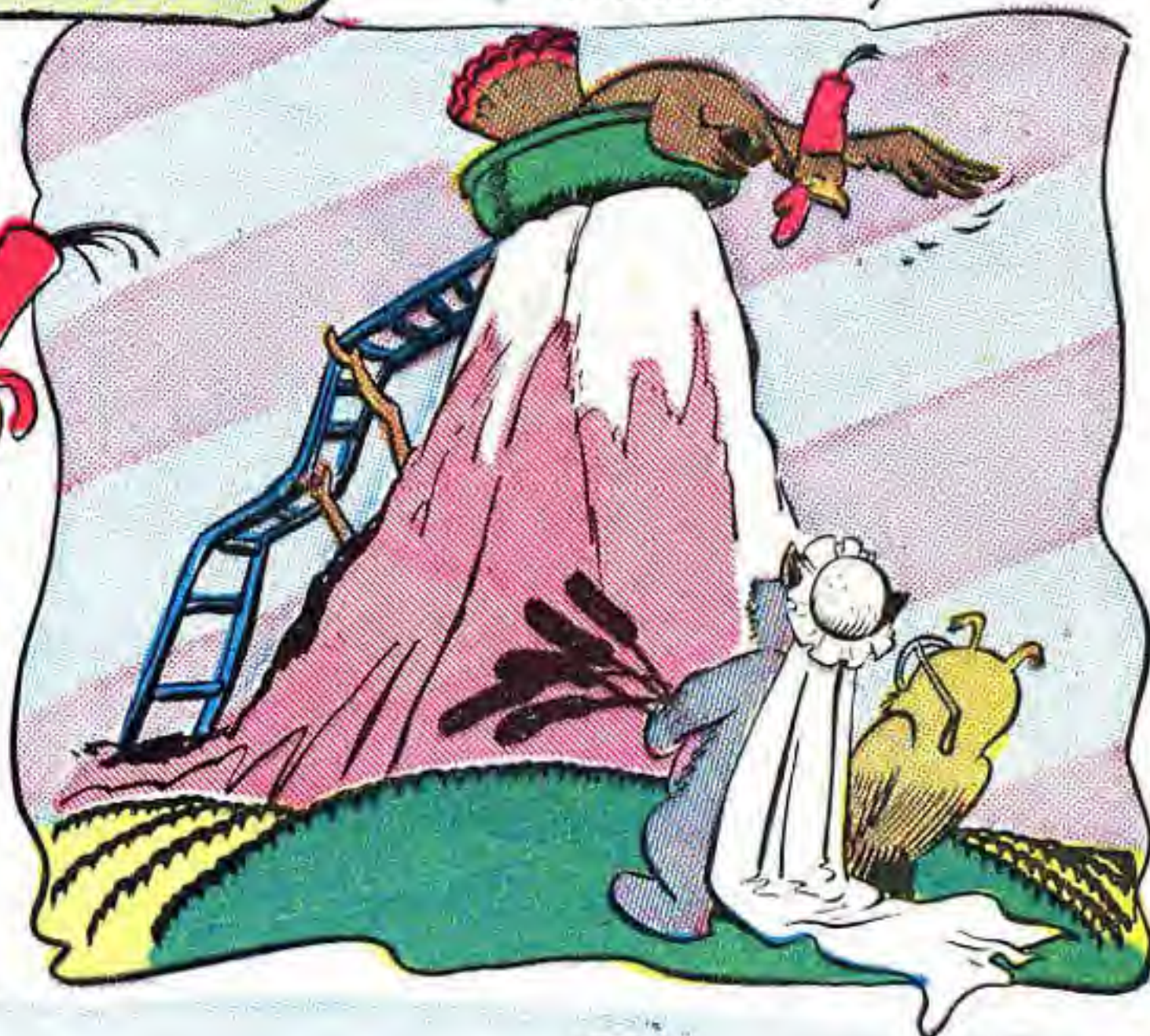
So they took it away



And were married
next day



By the turkey
who lives on
the hill.



They dined on mince,



And slices of quince



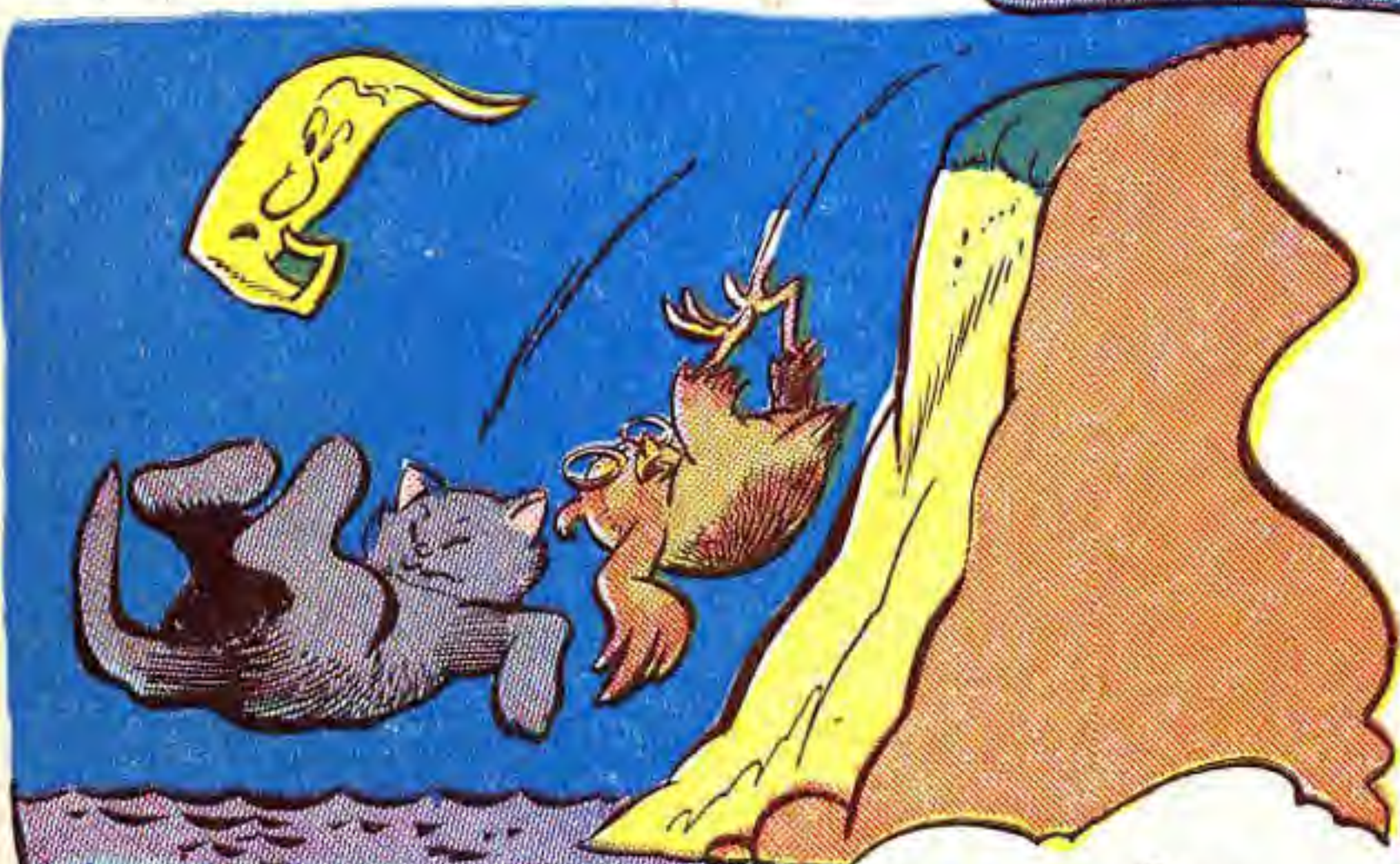
Which they ate with a
runcible spoon.



Then hand and hand,



On the edge
of the sand,



They danced by the light of the
moon, the moon, the moon—



They danced by
the light of
the moon.

The SECRET



We have a *secret*, just we three;
The robin and I,
and the old
cherry tree.

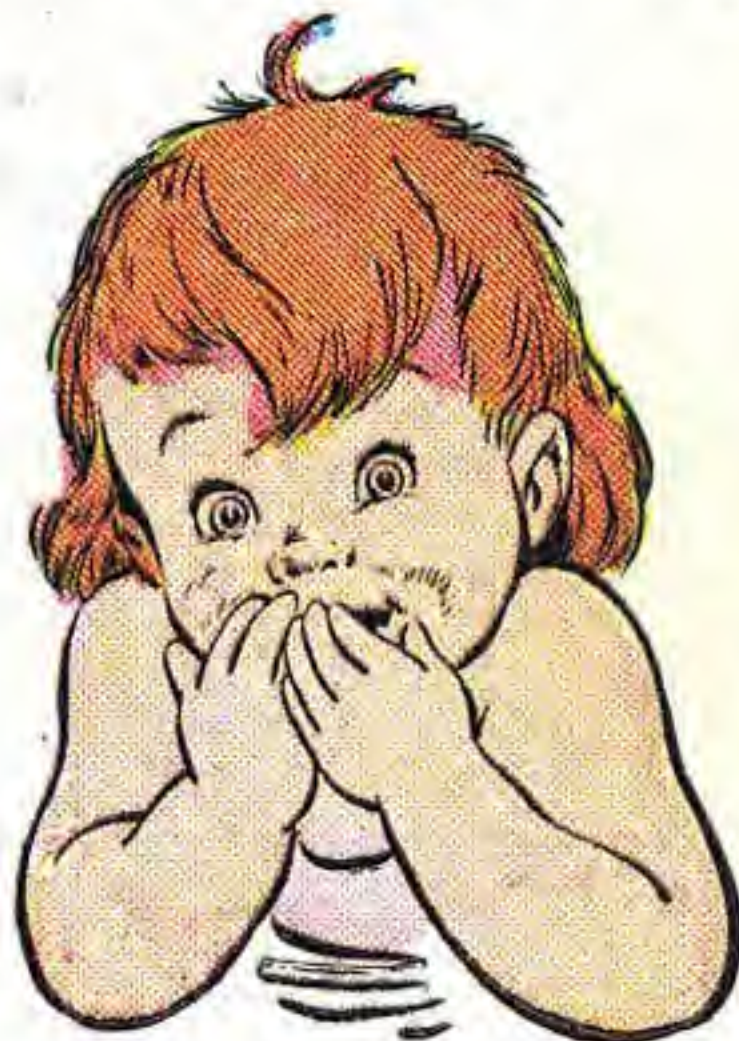


The bird told the tree,
And the tree told me;
And *nobody* knows it
But *just we three!*



But of course
the robin knows it best—
Because he built the—

I shan't tell the rest...



And laid four little
—*something* in it—

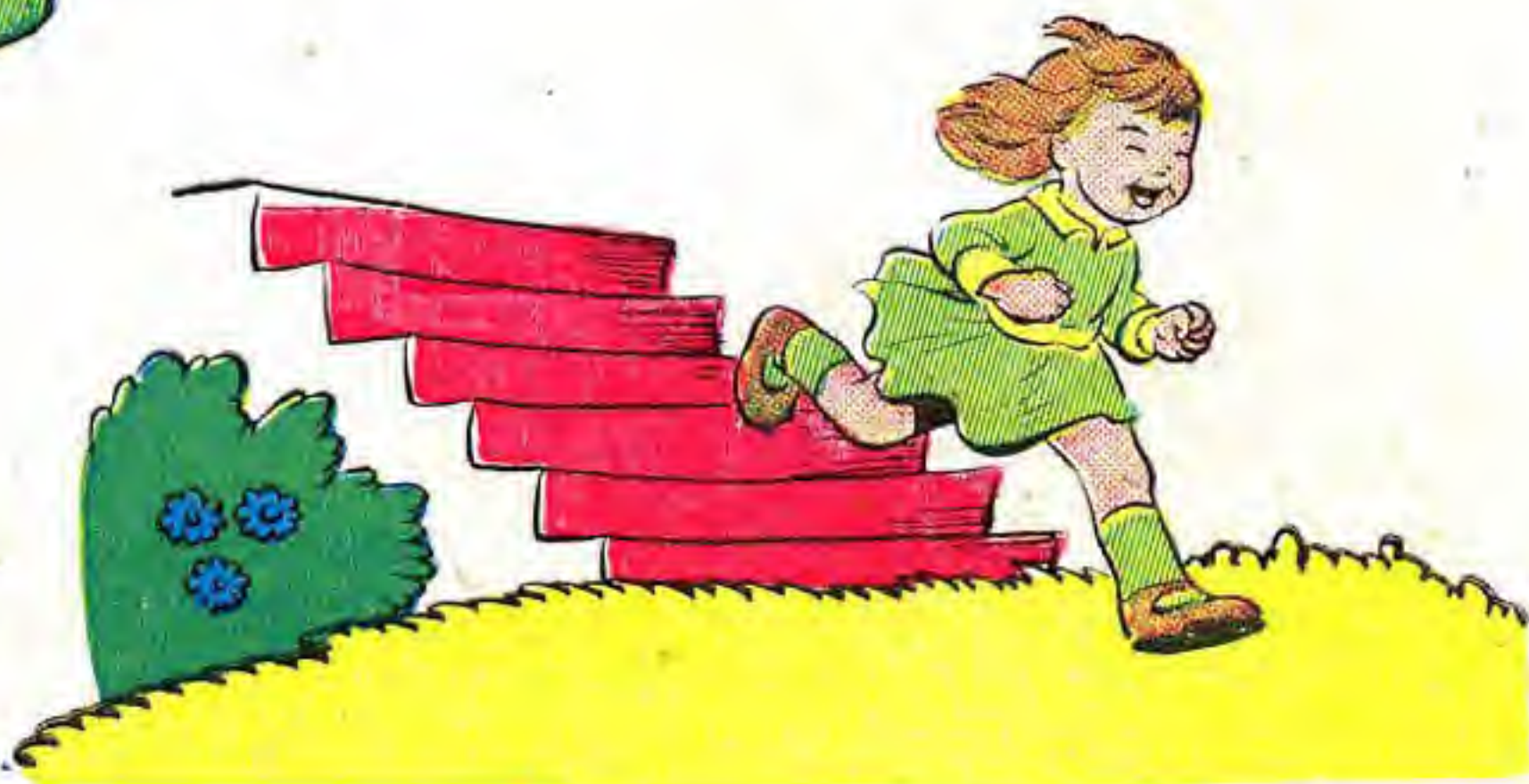


Oh, I'm afraid I'll *tell* it,
every minute!



But if the tree an' the robin
don't peep,
I'll try *my* best the secret
to keep.

Tho' I *know* when the little
birds fly about,
Why, the *whole secret* will
then be out!



Where, oh where
has my little
dog gone?

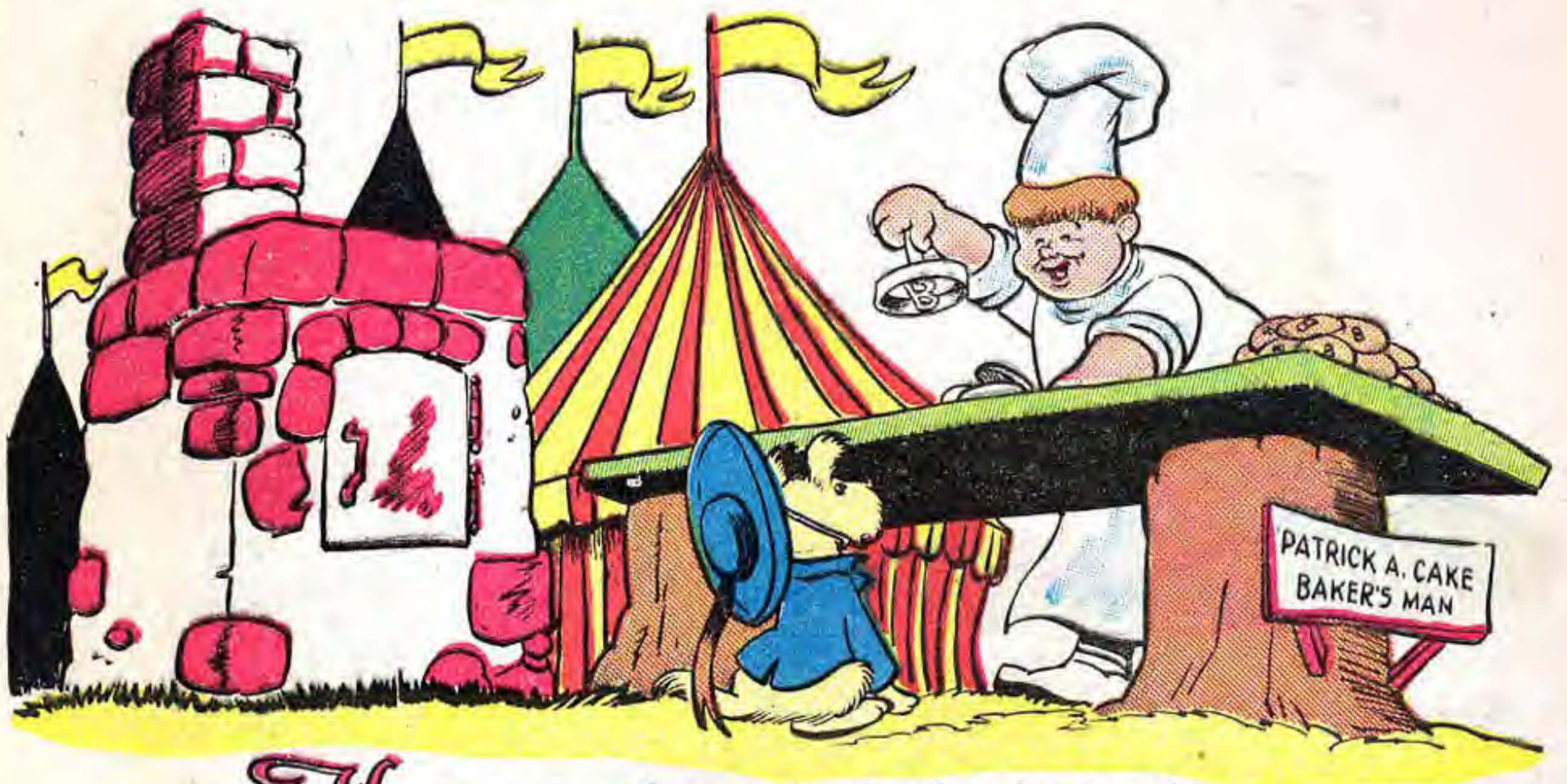


Where, oh where can he be?

He's left the country
and gone to town
The sights at the
Fair to see!



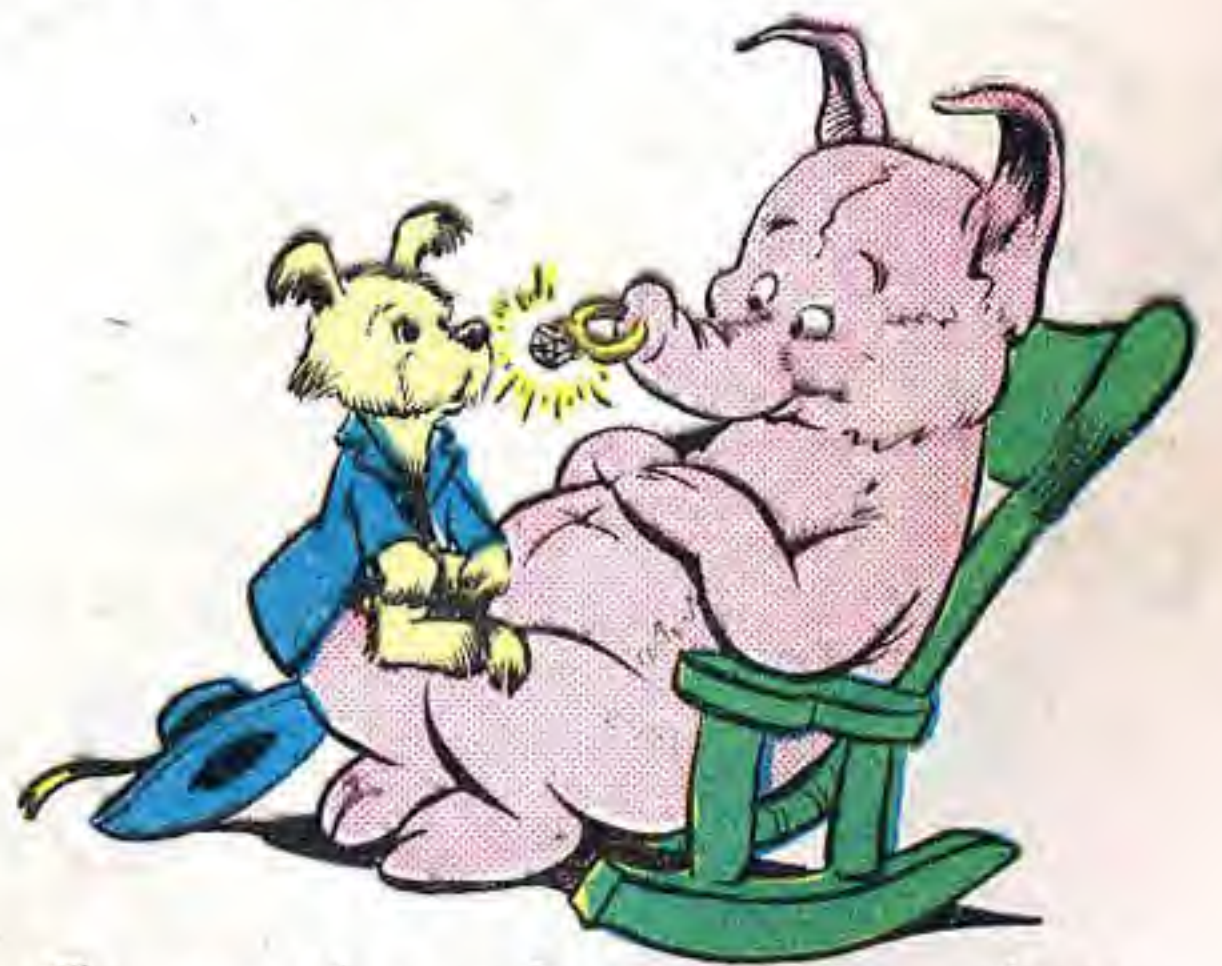
For if a cat may look at a king
Or hide beneath a queen's chair,
What's to stop a dog from having a fling
And spending a day at the Fair?



He's seen the pata-cake baker's man
Marking his cookies with "B",
Rolling and patting them into the pan
For Puppy and you and me.



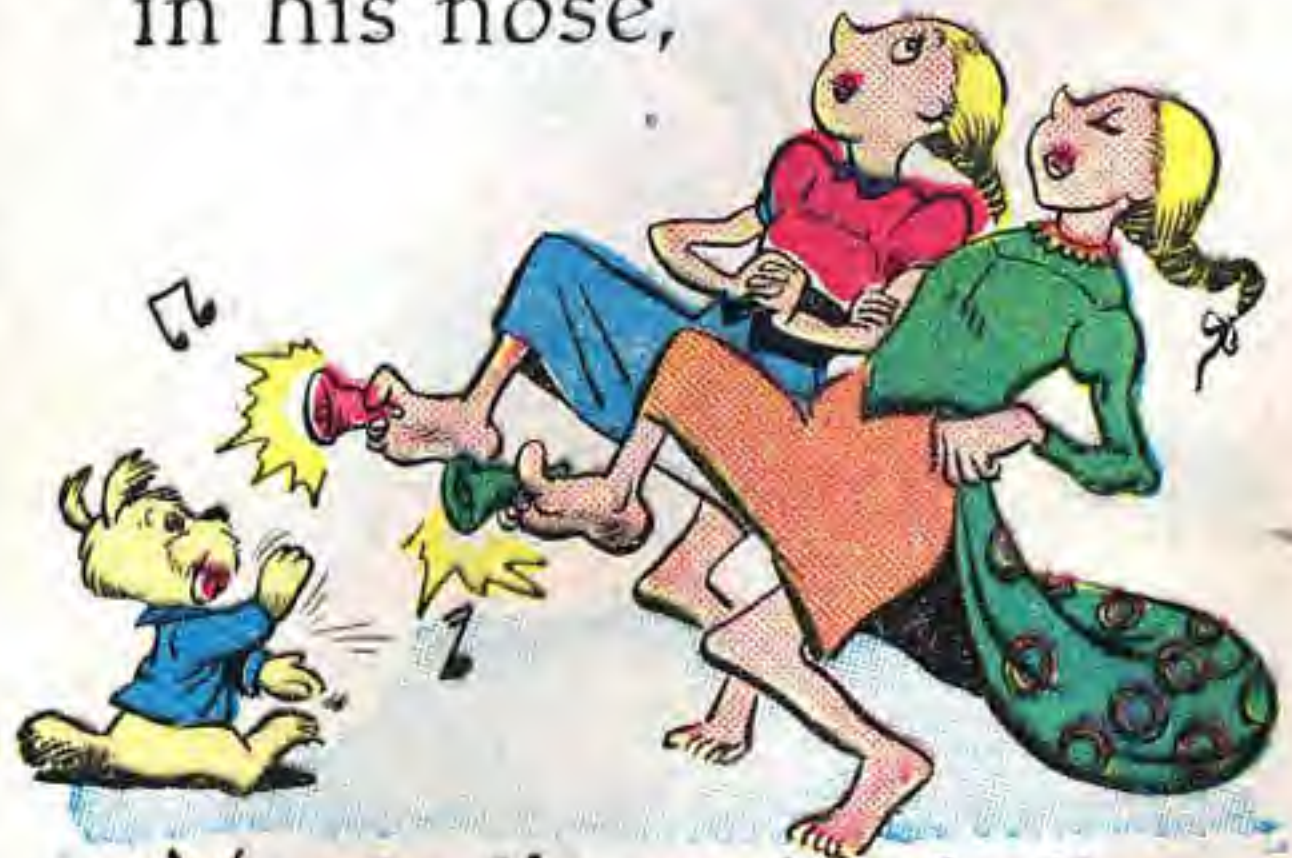
He's ridden around on
a saucy cock horse,



Seen the pig with a ring
in his nose,

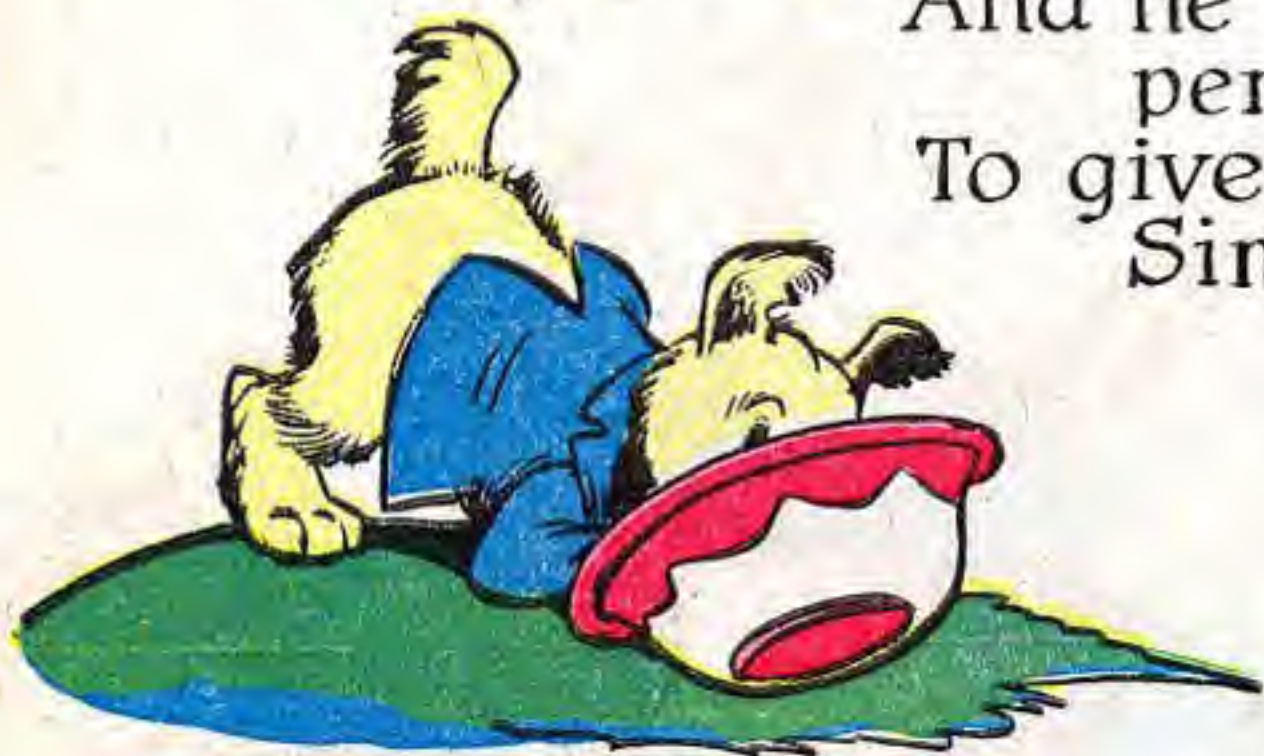


Given coins to the beggars
in velvet rags,



Met ladies with bells
on their toes.

He bought for a penny a fine meat pie
 From a plump and sociable pieman,
 And he left another
 penny for one
 To give to Simple
 Simon.



He led the hunt for Betty Blue's shoe—
 She'd lost her holiday best—



And he found the purse Lucy Locket dropped
 'Way ahead of the rest.



Now he's a hero, home-
 ward bound,
 With a purse that is
 empty and bare,
 But I'm sure he will tell us
 tomorrow how
 He'd a wonderful day at
 the Fair.

The farmer in the dell,
The farmer in the dell;
Heigh-o, the derry-o,
The farmer in the dell.

The farmer takes a wife,
The farmer takes a wife;
Heigh-o, the derry-o,
The farmer takes a wife.

The wife takes a child
The child takes a nurse
The nurse takes a dog
The dog takes a cat
The cat takes a rat
The rat takes a cheese
The cheese stands alone

*THE SEVEN LINES ABOVE ARE THE
FIRST LINES OF ADDITIONAL VERSES.*

*TO PLAY THE GAME A CIRCLE
IS FORMED WITH THE FARMER
IN THE CENTER.*

*THE CIRCLE OF CHILDREN
GOES 'ROUND THE FARMER
REPEATING THE SONG.*

*AS EACH NEW CHARACTER IS NAMED HE IS CHOSEN
BY THE LAST PERSON TO ENTER THE CIRCLE FROM
THE GROUP WHICH FORMS THE CIRCLE.*



The Singing Game of London Bridge

London Bridge is falling
down,
Falling down,
Falling down;

London Bridge
is falling
down,

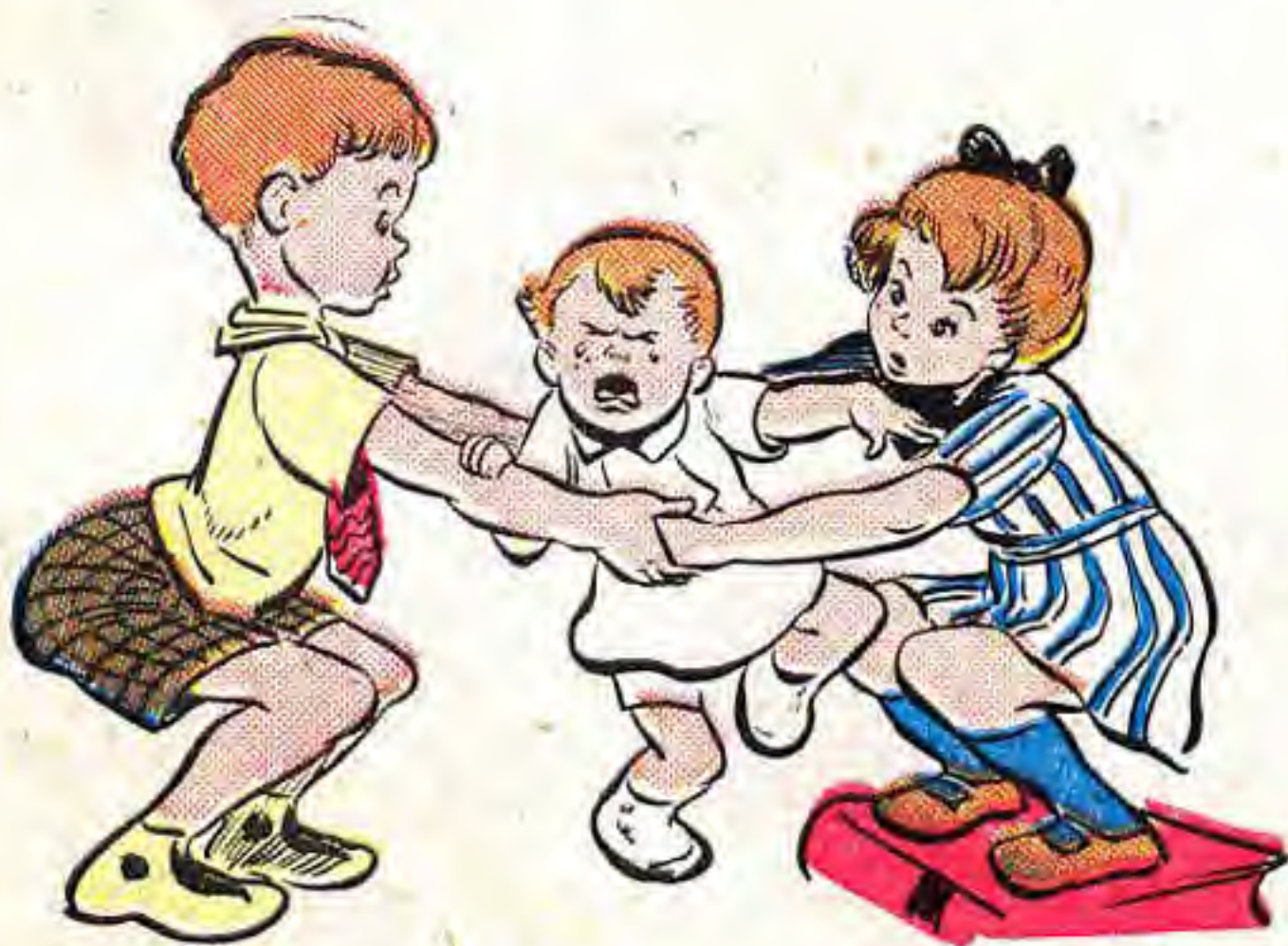


TWO CHILDREN FORM BRIDGE,
OTHERS PASS BENEATH ARCH.



My fair lady!

ON THESE WORDS, BRIDGE FALLS,
CATCHING WHOEVER IS PASSING UNDER.



Do you choose gold or silver?

PLAYER IS ASKED THIS QUESTION.
EACH SIDE OF THE BRIDGE REPRESENTS
ONE METAL OR THE OTHER.



PLAYER CHOOSES ONE OR THE
OTHER, AND GOES TO STAND
BEHIND THE END OF THE BRIDGE
WHICH IS HIS CHOICE.

Build it up with iron bars,
Iron bars, iron bars;
Build it up with iron bars,
My fair lady!



*THERE ARE MANY VERSES TO LONDON BRIDGE,
BUT THE FIRST IS VERY OFTEN REPEATED IN THIS
COUNTRY... WHEN BOTH SIDES HAVE BEEN FINALLY
CHOSEN, A TUG-OF-WAR TAKES PLACE.*



*THE TUG-OF-WAR ENDS THE GAME
WITH THE STRONGEST TEAM WINNING.*



Handkerchief Game



A tisket, a tasket,
A green and yellow basket.
I sent a letter to my love
And on the way I dropped it.



ALL LOOK AROUND AND
SEE WHO'S GOT IT.

BOY WHO DROPS IT MUST RACE AROUND
CIRCLE TO SPOT VACATED BY GIRL



WHO PICKS UP HANDKERCHIEF AND TRIES
TO GET AROUND THE CIRCLE BEFORE THE
BOY DOES. ONE WHO IS LAST IS "IT" THE
NEXT TIME



Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain.



He stepped in a puddle
Up to his middle,



And never went there again.

